# The Nation.

*NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1899.*

## The Week.

The Conference at The Hague opened a week ago in a curious atmosphere of aspiration tempered by insincerity and cynicism. Every individual delegate professes himself heartily in favor of peace, of checking the terrible cost of national armaments, of meeting halfway the efforts of the most powerful ruler on earth to stay the ravages of militarism. Then why cannot something be done? Well, this is a wicked world. You wouldn't have the millennium come too suddenly, would you? But the delegates are good men in a wicked world. They may not be able to make the lion and the lamb lie down with sides actually touching, but is that any reason for their giving up trying to induce them to live peaceably in adjoining fields? If not absolutely perfect, why should we not try to make the world as good as possible? Ah, comes the hypocritical sigh, in which many of the delegates to the Conference furtively join, that is entirely impracticable! Individually, we all favor every plan for peace; but collectively, you know, the thing is impossible.

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More significant, perhaps, than anything said in the first meeting of the Conference, was the Emperor William's birthday toast to the Czar at Wiesbaden. He took occasion to express the hope that the German delegates, acting with the Russian, on "identical instructions," might help to bring out of the Conference results that would "satisfy the Czar." This is of more value than many sneers. The truth is, that the ends aimed at by the Conference are so humane and enlightened that no responsible ruler dares pose before his people or the world as opposing them. They compel, like virtue, the hypocritical pretence of admiration and approval even from those who in their hearts rage against them. It has always been so. War as such has never had a frank and open defender. Even Napoleon had to protest from St. Helena that he had deluged Europe in blood reluctantly, and only in order to establish "the beautiful ideal of civilization"—peace. So stout a warrior as Moltke, before age had hardened him against his youthful ideals and hopes, expressed his belief in "the idea of a general European peace," and declared that an agreement to disarm might be reached after a few decades. So that Nicholas, just past thirty-one, commander of more troops than any other sovereign could put into the field, in turning away from war's "gloire sanglante" to urge upon the nations a peaceful ideal, is but doing his best to bring about what the greatest military heroes have admitted to be the true end of war itself.

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The one thing which everybody will believe, in Mr. McKinley's renewed and more conciliatory offers to the Filipinos, is the statement that "the President earnestly desires that bloodshed cease." In this, if in no other part of his Philippine policy, it is certain that the President faithfully represents the sentiment of Americans. In whatever else we may differ, we are a united people in the amazement, indignation, and horror with which this long-drawn torture in the Philippines has come to be regarded by all. Even the Irishman who professed his readiness to do a certain thing "even if I have to go to my grave without a single fight," would be willing to forego every unnecessary hour of such a warfare. As for the plan of government which the President now proposes, it is on its face but a stop-gap. But if it proves to be also a stop-slaughter, we shall not quarrel with its terms. Final decision must in any case rest with Congress. We might remark that the reservation to the President of the right to appoint all the judges is precisely the feature in the Spanish offer of autonomy to Cuba which called out our finest scorn two years ago; but why open old sores? We are all wiser if sadder now. Let us have peace!

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It appears that the censorship which is practised by the Administration in regard to the war in the Philippines does not stop with the refusal of the authorities at Manila to send to the United States, or to deliver in the Philippines, dispatches of which they disapprove, nor with the refusal of the Post-Office Department to allow printed matter of which it disapproves to be sent by mail from this country to the Philippines. While no attempt has yet been made to prevent the transmission by mail from the Philippines to the United States of letters written by soldiers who express their disgust with the war which they have been forced to wage, there is already evidence that the volunteers have been warned not to make public any views which do not suit the Government. Mr. H. H. Van Meter, whose character is vouched for by the Chicago *Record*, publishes in that paper an open letter to President McKinley in which he quotes the protest of more than one old soldier against the publication of his letter, for these reasons:

> "Some of the boys are getting into all kinds of trouble over their letters, and I hope no one will publish any of mine."
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> "The letters I write are for the ones to whom they are addressed, and not for the entire public."
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> "Wait until we get back, and I will tell you all. Why in the world do the people publish our letters?"
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> "Remember that all the letters I write are for you and the folks at home only, and are not written to be published. Some of my letters to friends were published, and one of them cost me a great deal of trouble."

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Such virtual censorship over the mails as this is without a precedent in the history of the United States. As Mr. Van Meter says, "It amounts to a virtual suppression of free speech among Americans." Even newspapers which support expansion feel constrained to condemn this policy. Thus, the Detroit *Tribune* remarks that "it has been more than suspected for months that the censorship of cable dispatches was being conducted in accordance with a foolish and short-sighted policy which aimed to deceive the public as to the true state of affairs," and says that now, through the communications quoted, "it is revealed that the commanding officers in the islands exercise a sort of terrorism by which it is sought to prevent soldiers from writing the truth about the campaigns and the manner of their conduct." The *Tribune* is a journal which has justified the war upon the Filipinos, but it cannot defend the suppression of the truth about the war. It says:

> "The Government can gain nothing by attempting to conceal the facts. Censorship of cables and mails, and punishment of soldiers who tell the truth, will not avail when the volunteers come home and are mustered out. The truth will be made public, and even from the narrow view-point of the Administration it were wiser to have it known now than that it should come later, and nearer to the approaching campaign, which is ever uppermost in the Administration mind. That sudden and superficial sympathy which declares itself first and thinks afterward, if at all, would have time to spend itself if the facts were before the public to-day, while the very fact that strenuous endeavors have been made to curb freedom of speech, writing, and publication will, when the truth is finally known, increase its sinister significance many fold. The world is no longer wide enough to furnish a safe sepulture for facts, and the disinterred remains will smell worse and look more horrible than the fresh body, however gory."

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A large proportion of the journals which advocated expansion have pronounced the stories of no quarter in the Philippine campaign "incredible," the soldiers who tell them "liars," and the *Evening Post* "treasonable" for giving circulation to what the Chicago *Times-Herald*, as recently as last Thursday, called "roorbacks," declaring that "no orders to shoot prisoners or non-resistants have been issued by American commanders in the Philippines." But this policy of denouncing as liars Kansas soldiers who have been known all their lives as truthful men, is coming to be bitterly resented by the Kansas press. The Topeka *Capital*, the leading Repub-

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lican newspaper in the State, says that, "so far as the Kansas boys are concerned, the *Capital* is not prepared to admit that they exaggerate or misstate what they testify to seeing with their own eyes"; that "in stating that Capt. Bishop ordered certain Filipinos to be shot rather than to remain as prisoners during the battle of Caloocan, Private Brenner reported from personal observation"; that the testimony of Corporal Maxwell of the Topeka company, that "this led to an order to take no prisoners, but to shoot all," must be accepted as equally true; and that, therefore, "it would appear that during or before this engagement, owing to the treacherous conduct of Filipino prisoners, as described by Corporal Maxwell, costly experience having taught the General commanding that these insurgents could not be trusted, he gave an order to shoot all prisoners." The *Capital* justifies such orders to American troops under such circumstances.

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We have received the original manuscript of a soldier's letter, forwarded to us for use from the town in Colorado where it was received. It is one of the most interesting and significant in the long series from which we have quoted. Written without a thought that it would ever appear in print, it gives a vivid picture of the frame of mind in which a patriotic American finds himself who enlisted to give a suffering people freedom from the supremacy of Spain, and who has been forced to fight in order to deny other former subjects of Spain the independence for which they also have long been struggling. This Colorado soldier feels the same way as the soldiers from Kansas, Nebraska, and other States, and nobody has put more forcibly the un-American character of the present war than this "thinking bayonet," who pronounces it "wrong from start to finish," says that "my heart is not in this war as it was in the one I enlisted to fight in, and I go into it simply because I have to," and concludes: "To be a soldier in such a cause as we are now engaged in, is nothing to be proud of. I am chagrined and ashamed to think of it as it is."

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One thing which the censor at Manila ought to keep from reaching the Filipinos is the call just issued by Congressman Hull of Iowa, the Republican from the Des Moines district, for an examination of candidates for appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The proclamation issued by the President's Commission "guarantees an honest and efficient civil service, in which, to the fullest extent practicable, natives shall be employed." Of course, the only way that the natives have of judging what civil service we should give them is by the sort of civil service we have at home. Mr. Hull was chairman of the committee on military affairs in the last House, and must be considered an authority as to the principles which ought to govern the selection of young men as cadets. He announces that candidates for the vacancy at Annapolis must be between sixteen and twenty-one years of age, and bona-fide residents of the district; and, "in addition to this," each comer "must present credentials of his parents belonging to the Republican party." The Des Moines statesman explains that "I have limited the contest to Republicans for the reason that in all sections of the United States represented by a Democrat a Democrat is appointed, and I believe in this district the party is entitled to representation from here in the Academy." But of course the Hulls will see that non-partisanship is made the rule of the civil service in "our new possessions."

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The modest, self-contained man who destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila last year is now on his way home. The newspapers which are using his back as an advertising board for themselves, the politicians who are seeking office on his merits, and the vendors of goods and wares who are using his name on their signboards, are getting themselves in readiness for all kinds of hysterics on his arrival. One man, who manufactures tandem kites, proposes to send up the highest kite that ever was flown, with a flag mounted upon it, so that the first thing Dewey sees when he approaches the shore of his native land shall be the stars and stripes. The rival newspapers which are toiling and moiling to get subscriptions for a house for Dewey in Washington, report the large sum of $3,000 already raised by their joint and several efforts. Meanwhile, nobody knows whether Dewey wants a house, or whether he prefers Washington as a place of residence, or whether he would accept anything as a gift in any event. In such a state of dubiety, we suggest that the house-buyers, if they must make a present to Dewey, make it to him in money. In that case he can dispose of it as he chooses. If he wants a house he can buy or build with the proceeds, or he can invest it, or give it away, as suits him best. All the accounts which reach us through his most intimate friends signify that he is averse to the personal display and lionizing of which he is the subject; but that fact will not deter the kite-flyers and self-advertising classes from playing the pranks they have laid out for themselves. They can make themselves ridiculous, but they cannot make Dewey so.

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A dozen years ago we said of the Grand Army of the Republic that "it is no longer a benevolent institution working for unselfish ends; it has become a machine for the procuring of pensions and offices." The truth of this characterization has become more clear during the interval, and is now put beyond the possibility of dispute by the raid which this machine has organized upon a thoroughly efficient Commissioner of Pensions, simply because he has enforced the laws. The New York department of the organization held its annual encampment at Syracuse last week, and on Thursday adopted a resolution declaring that "it is the sense of this department that the administration of the Pension Department by H. Clay Evans meets the emphatic disapprobation of this department and of every veteran who is entitled to a pension under the law; and we ask that he be removed and the office filled by a man who will administer the pension law according to the intent of the framers of the law, the Congress that passed it, and the President who signed it." There is absolutely no excuse for this assault. Commissioner Evans is warmly in sympathy with all just claims of the old soldiers, and he has administered the pension law with fairness alike to the deserving applicant and to the Government. But such fairness has of course compelled him often to reject claims which were neither meritorious nor justified by the law. The consequence is that he has incurred the enmity of the pension attorneys, who have grown rich upon the laxity of administration which has prevailed in the Pension Bureau in the past. These attorneys have organized a "combine" to secure the removal of Mr. Evans, and they are going to "work the Grand Army for all it is worth."

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It begins to look as if Secretary Alger had been made the victim of a Heathen-Chinee trick in the Michigan Senatorial controversy. If the whole thing turns out a bit of Ohio intrigue to get him out of the Cabinet by a side wind, it would not surprise those who know the school of "smooth" politics in which the President's trusted advisers have been trained. That Mr. McKinley has been consumedly anxious to get rid of Alger in some quiet way has long been clear. Reversing Burke's maxim, he has borne with crimes till they festered into inconveniences, and that Alger is now a positive political inconvenience to the President is obvious to the wayfaring man though an office-seeker. So, it seems, the Secretary was lured out to Detroit, fooled with banquets and adulation into thinking himself the favorite son of Michigan, and flattered into announcing that he would be a candidate for the United States Senate. Then snap went the trap. Senator McMillan, whom Alger understood to wish to retire, suddenly declared himself a candidate, and cruelly added that he was the McKinley candidate. Hence Alger's dreadful predicament. He is too far committed to the Senatorial contest to withdraw except ignominiously. But, of course, Mc-

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Millan will have all the patronage, and pose as the President's friend, and if Alger tries to pull a single wire, or use his department for his own ends, the impropriety of his remaining in the Cabinet will be brought forcibly to his attention. Already, in fact, Republican organs are telling him that the rules of the game now require him to resign.

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The *Evening Post* published on Friday some extremely interesting correspondence which has passed between Mr. J. L. Brower of this city and the Treasury Department upon the subject of duties upon personal clothing. Mr. Brower endeavored, quite unsuccessfully, to get from the Department an exact ruling as to what, in the language of the law, *ad valorem* means. It was interpreted in various ways by the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Spaulding, and by Collector Bidwell. One said it meant cost price; the other said there would be a reduction in case the clothing showed signs of wear, and that if it were not suitable to the season, it would be dutiable at rates not specified. Mr. Brower insisted that *ad valorem* meant market value—that is, value as second-hand clothing—and that the various statements made to him by the minor officials of the Department had no authority in law, and demanded a final ruling from the Secretary himself. To this demand he received no reply whatever. Why? Surely he, as an American citizen, had a right to make the demand, for no one can read the correspondence and escape the conclusion that his contention is the only tenable one. Thousands of Americans are interested in this matter, and the Secretary of the Treasury should be impressed with the necessity of giving them a plain and intelligible answer—something his subordinates seem incapable of doing.

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A Washington dispatch says that the caucus committee on the currency that has been holding sessions at Atlantic City has agreed upon a measure which provides for the redemption of all obligations of the Government in gold; also that greenbacks when once redeemed in gold shall be reissued only for gold; that national banks may issue notes to the par value of the bonds deposited by them in the Treasury, and that national banks may be established in small towns with a capital of $25,000, the legal minimum at present being $50,000. This is a more contracted programme than former reports from the same quarter had led us to expect, since it does not include Secretary Gage's recommendation that the currency functions of the Treasury be separated by law from its other functions. While we shall be thankful for the measure of reform now promised, it will be a cause for regret if the Secretary's recommendation has not been followed. He recommended that an Issue and Redemption Department be established in the Treasury, to which certain funds should be transferred, and that these funds should be applied solely to the purpose of keeping the currency of all kinds at par with gold. Now if Congress is to commit itself to the principle that all the obligations of the Government are payable in gold, why should it not take the step which the Secretary deems most useful for giving effect to that principle?

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It may be, as Dr. Parkhurst says, that the public conscience has not been deeply stirred by the revelations thus far made by the Mazet inquiry, but something scarcely less potential has been not only stirred but startled, and that is Platt's sense of security as a political power. He is so alarmed that he is making overtures to the independents, and is quite ready to yield to them in regard to nominations for office this fall. Part of this panic is undoubtedly due to the harm which the franchise-tax bill has done to his contribution business, but a great deal of it is due to a realization of the loss of moral standing caused by the Mazet revelations. These two influences working together are so powerful that they are likely to break him down as a political leader, and thus rid us of him and his machine. The Mazet committee and the Governor seem to be coöperating for this end, and if they succeed, they will confer a priceless boon upon the city and State. We can dispose of Croker and Tammany at the next municipal election if we can break for ever the combination between them and a corrupt Republican machine.

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The sudden demise of the Sunday edition of the London *Daily Mail*, after only six weeks of unlovely existence, is a great triumph for decent public opinion in England. It shows what the British matron and the Philistine Nonconformist can do when thoroughly roused. When Mr. Harmsworth announces that he suspends his Sunday newspaper as a "frank concession to the religious feeling of the public," he means, of course, that he has found the experiment a losing venture. All the solemn talk, in England and this country, about the law of demand and supply being responsible for the Sunday newspaper, is solemn nonsense. The Sunday paper is printed simply and solely to make money for its proprietor, and if the public shows him, as the English public has so speedily shown Mr. Harmsworth, that he will, on the contrary, lose money by the operation, he will become as enamoured of a day of rest as the next man. The *Telegraph* has not been slow to follow suit in withdrawing. It is an older paper than the *Mail*, presumably with more capital behind it; and its owner is not exposed to so many flank attacks as Mr. Harmsworth was through his other publishing interests. It had cautiously announced that it would "bow to public opinion" (*i. e.*, pounds, shillings, and pence), and it appears to have got public opinion in such large and fatal doses that it suddenly discovered unsuspected dregs of conscience in its bosom, and abandoned the expensive experiment of a seven-day paper.

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A novel suit was brought against an author by a firm of London publishers a few days ago. They had employed him to write a sort of gazetteer of Great Britain, had printed it, and then the critics had exposed so many errors in it that the sale had been practically ruined. Accordingly, they brought suit against the compiler for his manifold inaccuracy. The defendant admitted the blunders; though he ingeniously accounted for them by saying that he had read so many authorities that he had got mixed up. He confessed that there was really no valid excuse for setting down Pretoria as the capital of British Zambesia, for suppressing the Isle of Man entirely, for classing earthworms among "reptiles," and soda, arsenic, and Epsom salts among "building-stones." But his legal defence was, practically, *caveat emptor*. The publishers had taken his work, errors and all, and had printed it without any real "reading." If they had read his book they were responsible for its mistakes; if not, what right had they to complain? This view prevailed with the court, and the author got off with one shilling damages, while being awarded £25 as his due on final payment. It certainly would be a dangerous thing for historians and ready writers of dictionaries if they were to be held pecuniarily liable for their blunders.

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The "British officers" arrested in Pretoria for treasonable plotting against the Transvaal Government are shown not to hold present commissions in the British army, as was asserted. But it is not at all strange that British subjects should be caught plotting the overthrow of Krüger. The thing has been in the air for a long time. There has never been any genuine repentance for the Jameson raid, except that it failed. Look at the rapid recovery of his position by Cecil Rhodes. He was the real backer of the Jameson raid, yet he is to-day negotiating with the Kaiser on equal terms, and with the City of London at his feet. Why should not this example encourage roving and reckless Englishmen in the Transvaal to believe that all they have to do to win fame and fortune is to get up an assault on the Boer Government which, this time, shall not fail? Filibustering and secret scheming against governments with which you are nominally friendly, are the natural accompaniments of Manifest Destiny and Imperialism.

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*SUPPRESSION.*

One of the most interesting occurrences of late is the excitement created by the publication of soldiers' letters from the Philippines and by Mr. Atkinson's pamphlets. The hostility to both has its origin in the same source, and it is one of the oldest sources in history. The wonder about it is, not that it exists, but that it exists among us, as it is one of the political agencies of the Old World of which we supposed we were for ever rid. No matter how far we go back, we find that the keeping of the knowledge of certain things from the public was considered one of the most important aids to a proper management of the people. But the construction put on this reluctance to have things known, has apparently never varied among decent people.

The most familiar form of this precaution is, of course, the "censorship," which still prevails in certain despotic countries like Russia and Turkey, and which we are trying to imitate in our "conquered territories"; one of the "responsibilities" which we are apparently so eager to assume being responsibility for what our "subjects" read. Another form of the same thing was what, in the old days before the Reform Bill, used to be called in England the "taxes on knowledge"—that is, taxes avowedly intended to make the publication of cheap literature or newspapers difficult. Another with which every one is familiar is the Papal Index. The object of all these is essentially the same. The difference between them is simply one of degree. They are all intended to prevent people from knowing certain things which, if left to themselves, they would seek to know and would think they had a right to know. There lies under it all the assumption that the ruler who imposes these restrictions, is a better judge of what a man ought to read than the man himself. This is perfectly comprehensible in the Old World. All the Old World governments which still retain the censorship, are based on the hypothesis that the Government can decide better than any one who lives under it by what rules and regulations his life should be shaped. Our Government, on the contrary, is based on the hypothesis that each man is as good a judge as any other man of what our legislation and administration should be. It is from this theory that universal suffrage derives its moral authority to make war or peace, or to put the revered McKinley in the chief executive office. When, in face of this theory, either McKinley or Charles Emory Smith makes his appearance and tells large bodies of voters that he finds that they are reading a good many things which are bad for them, and, therefore, bad for the State—that he stands, *pro hac vice*, in the place of the Czar and the Pope—you can no more argue with him than with the Rev. Mr. Jasper of Richmond, who happened to know that the sun went round the earth. Joker for joker, however, we must admit that we enjoy Smith more than McKinley.

"Oh, but," it will be said, "the eminent Smith only undertakes to proscribe the reading of soldiers in the field which advises them not to reënlist." It may be proper to withhold such literature from soldiers, but what we must point out to the learned Smith is that, advisable as this may be, our law—and we live by law—makes no provision for it, as long as the soldiers are voters. The Romans had a provision in their Constitution which enabled them, when pressed hard in war, to create a dictatorship by the simple passage of a resolution, "that the Consuls must take care that the Republic suffers no damage." McKinley and Smith evidently have the idea that there is a similar provision in our Constitution, something like this: "Smith will give notice when the country is in danger, and will act accordingly." But we have made diligent inquiry, and can find nothing of the kind. On the other hand, we find that the very first amendment made to the Constitution was that "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." In spite of this, Smith says it is his solemn duty to abridge Atkinson's freedom, by taking his pamphlets out of the mails; and without mails there can be no freedom, either of the press or of speech.

In fact, the Imperialists are, through the learned Smith, introducing into the American government two perfectly new doctrines. One is that even in a government which assumes the voter's freedom of speech, there can be no discussion of the expediency of a war once begun, or of the manner in which it is or has been conducted; that the conditions and time of peace have to be settled exclusively by Smith or some person of whom he shall approve; and that all persons doubting Smith's competency shall be held guilty of treason without trial by jury. No more important change has been introduced into any government since the French Revolution. But we shall maintain, nevertheless, until such time as Smith puts us in jail, that the existing provisions of our Constitution are such as to unfit us utterly for the work of conquest, that our Constitution was framed for an entirely different purpose, and that the need of getting Smith to help us in our first war of subjugation proves that we can continue on our new road only by permitting Smith to burn us or pinch us with red-hot irons.

We admit, however, that the Government is powerfully aided and stimulated in the policy of silence by the press. There is a popular impression that the best services rendered either to the Administration or to the Opposition, by a partisan press, are rendered by an open advocacy of its views. There cannot be a greater mistake. The open articles in a partisan press rarely produce much effect. People all know in advance what a partisan newspaper will say about any question or event of the day, and thick-and-thin advocacy is a kind of work which writers of some value can rarely be induced to undertake. In fact, purely partisan writing is probably the feeblest and most ineffective writing the country produces. It generally furnishes even the party it serves with amusement, rather than instruction or justification.

The reader will then ask why so much importance is attached by politicians to party newspapers, why they give them advertising, why they distribute them widely, why they make much of the editors, why they give them offices, for which as a general rule they are totally unfit, and why they sometimes lend them money? Well, the reason is very plain, and well known to everybody connected with the press. This reason as applied to a newspaper seems a little grotesque, but it is nevertheless true. The reason why partisan newspapers are valued is for their silence. Nobody cares much for their able articles about either home or foreign policy. Nobody cares twopence what they think or say about war, or about Aguinaldo, or about peace, or about the Emperor of Russia, or about England. Their "views" generally emanate from a gentleman who would just as soon maintain the opposite if it were made worth his while.

The service they render is mainly one of suppression. That is, they refrain with care from publishing news which seems to reflect discredit on the party or man that they serve. In other words, it is their silence which makes them valuable. It is not because something is to be found in their columns, but because it is not found. Herein lies their importance. But the importance would not be so great if it were not that few Americans read more than one newspaper, so that if you succeed in shutting facts out of one newspaper even, you probably conceal them from all its readers. The chances are a hundred to one that the facts will never reach them, no matter how grave may be their bearing on some serious public question. Their appearance in other papers will make no difference, because what appears in the journals of the other side makes no impression on a good party man. He feels quite sure it is not true, even if he sees it, or his own paper would have published it. This credulity, too, is so deep-seated that it has become hereditary, and goes from father to son for generations. There are great numbers of men and women who believe everything they see in the *Tribune* to-day, for instance, simply because their fathers or grandfathers believed everything in it in the days of Horace Greeley, and for like reasons disbelieve everything which has not appeared in the *Tribune*.

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It is this difficulty of getting at the American public with facts which makes it so hard to overthrow a party in power. No matter how rascally or ignorant it may be, it will take about fifty years to reach the public with the things which make this folly or ignorance manifest. In like manner, suppression favors the seizure by any Administration of powers, legal or illegal, of any kind which call for immediate exercise. The matter in hand, in such a case, might be a war with England, like the Venezuela affair, or a war with the Filipinos, calling in both cases for prompt action. There would be—there was—in neither of these cases time or opportunity to reach the people of either party through their favorite papers. In other words, there was no time to discuss the question of the day in the slow American fashion; the easiest thing, then, was to hand it over to the first man who seemed to understand it—that is, either Cleveland or McKinley. Neither of them did understand it, but it would have taken two years to prove it, and the party papers maintained that they were the only men to lead us, so we got ready to fight, or fought, without the slightest opportunity of finding out whether we were making fools of ourselves or acting wisely. All the facts which tended to show that these two Presidents were just the men for the crisis, were laid before the party in power by its newspapers every day, while the facts which proved the contrary were carefully withheld.

It will be easily seen how important suppression is. In fact, the larger part of a partisan editor's activity and usefulness to his employers consists in keeping things out of his sheet. Smith of the Post-Office Department is the editor of a newspaper of exactly this type, and it is not surprising that he was shocked at Atkinson's indiscretion, and instantly bethought him of using on his lucubrations the art which he himself has been practising for forty years. A man who put such things into the Philadelphia *Press* would be promptly "fired." Atkinson could not be "fired." The next best thing was to prevent his documents from reaching those for whom they were intended. But this does not look as if we were not afraid of "responsibilities" or were seeking them. On the contrary, all suppression looks as if somebody was afraid to be called to account.

## *GOVERNMENT.*

It is greatly to be desired that the reports of the present investigation of the way in which our municipal government is administered should have a wide circulation and a wide reading. Nothing more instructive could be imagined. There is no text-book on popular government in existence which can for a moment be compared with the report of a single day's session as a source of exact information as to what the science of government has become in a great city. We had on May 16 the Mayor and several of his most important subordinates on the witness-stand, and they gave us personal expositions of their methods and principles which were simply invaluable. The Mayor showed us himself freely, as he always does, but he showed us also much of the hidden machinery of government at the same time. Quite incidentally he betrayed how close the connection was between our two bosses, Croker and Platt, immediately after the memorable election of 1897, when Platt helped Croker to carry the city. How did he happen to think of Mr. Abell for Police Commissioner? "Mr. Lauterbach told me that Mr. Platt would like to have him appointed." Why did he look upon Mr. Platt as the man whose wishes should control in the matter? "I thought he was the boss of the Republican party. Whatever he said they all agreed to; when he took snuff they sneezed. I do not mean that as anything offensive. I have a very high regard for Mr. Platt." Again: "I appointed Mr. Murray, and what is the name of this Alderman that I made an Aqueduct Commissioner?—those two gentlemen were appointed because Mr. Quigg recommended them." These selections were all made soon after Mr. Van Wyck became Mayor, and they were justly regarded at the time as made in payment of a debt which Croker owed to Platt for the candidacy of Tracy.

After the Mayor came other witnesses scarcely less useful as instructors. We had two Tammany Police Commissioners who revealed with perfect clearness their methods of administration. Alleging ignorance of the existence of the gambling industry in the city, they manifested a callous indifference to its suppression. They admitted, in one way or another, that police officers and men who had presumed of their own accord to meddle with favored gambling-places had been "transferred" to other fields of activity. They admitted that they had deposed one man as Chief of Police and put another in his place because the latter was a Tammany man. A valuable witness was the deposed Chief of Police, Mr. McCullagh, who confirmed the reluctant admissions of the two Police Commissioners as to their conduct in protecting gamblers and other lawbreakers, and who gave us subsequently the first complete and adequate picture we have had of the extraordinary Police Commissioner, Parker, whom Mayor Strong, under the advice of Jimmy O'Brien, inflicted upon us for several years. Ex-Chief McCullagh swore that Parker had asked him to "go into a corrupt scheme with him to hold up the department, as he [Parker] had held it up for two years and three months"; and that he refused, having looked upon Parker as "an ordinary criminal" to be "caught by a resort to all the police methods" used towards such persons.

The illustrations of our system of government given at the session of May 17 were no less valuable than those which had preceded them. Mr. Moss's most interesting witness was Jake Hess, probably the best living specimen of the famous old type of Republican Boy. Jake was one of the most conspicuous and efficient of that band of Republican leaders who were created by Chester A. Arthur, and whom we were wont to speak of as the Mikes, Jakes, and Barneys of politics. Mr. Arthur was the inventor of the species, having conceived and put in operation the idea of taking from the ranks of the Democratic party men who had learned the business of "practical politics" there, and making them pioneers in the same business in the Republican party. He succeeded so well with it that within a few years he had a Republican organization which was capable of fighting Tammany with its own weapons, and with such efficiency that Tammany was frequently compelled to "deal" with it in order to save itself from harm.

"Dealing" was, in fact, the chief business of the Boys. The old open-ballot system gave them wonderful opportunities, for they controlled all the ballots and could "bunch" them in the interest of a "deal" so effectively as to make it succeed in nearly all cases. The exploits of the Boys on election day occupied large space in our political annals for many years. Everybody familiar with those times recalls how the late Mike Cregan "took the money," $5,000 in cash, of the editor of the *North American Review*, who was a candidate for office, under promise of working for him at the polls, and then "bunched the ballots" against him by leaving out his tickets and putting in those of his Tammany opponent. That was a famous stroke of Boy business, and added greatly to Mike's reputation. Then there was the case of the very first of all the Boys, the late Johnny O'Brien, who took Jay Gould's check for $50,000 to be used in getting votes for Blaine in the election of 1884, and, instead of doing that, put the money into his own pocket.

These were typical instances of what, in the past, we denominated the Mikery and Jakery of politics. Most of the Boys have passed away, and we miss them sadly. An almost solitary survivor is Jake Hess, now Police Commissioner, who was on the witness-stand last week. His testimony shows that the old Boy instinct survives with him. He was selected by Mayor Van Wyck as an old-time Republican who filled completely the bi-partisan idea of a Republican official. His first act as Police Commissioner was to vote to put out a Republican Chief of Police and replace him

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with a Tammany Democrat. When he was asked by Mr. Moss why he did this, he replied frankly that he needed the $5,000 salary attached to the position of Police Commissioner, and knew that the way to secure and retain it was to vote as the Mayor wished him to. That is the traditional Boy view of public duty. Jake was formerly a butcher, and he did not leave that business and go into politics "for his health." He went into politics for what there was in it for him, and he has been acting on that principle ever since. Nothing could be more logical or regular than Jake's course. Every true bi-partisan Republican that we have ever had in the Police Board has acted in precisely the same way.

The other parts of the lesson in government on the same day were also in accordance with long-established usage. Mr. Moss produced a great volume of testimony, to which the Chief of Police listened in person, establishing beyond dispute the existence of 117 pool-rooms and gambling-houses in the city, all running at full blast under the eyes and noses of the police. It did not "faze" the Chief a particle, though he had testified only a few days before that he had no knowledge of the existence of such places. Why should he have "knowledge" of such things? Why should any of his subordinates have it? They are not on duty for such purposes as that, and every one knows they are not. If there is any well-established, general knowledge in this community, it is that under Tammany government vice and crime are not suppressed, but are fostered for purposes of revenue. This was perfectly well understood when Tammany was put back into power in 1897, and nobody was surprised to have it proved to be the fact by Mr. Moss now. It may be of some advantage to have the proof set forth so clearly that denial of it will be impossible, but what will come of the demonstration? Will Devery be deposed as Chief, and will the police be reformed? Will this old established form of government by rascals for the benefit of rascals be supplanted by real government by honest men? If so, when will the transformation be made? Certainly not till Croker and Platt and their kind pass out of our politics.

### *A HUNDRED YEARS OF TRACTS.*

The centenary of the English Tract Society was celebrated in Exeter Hall on May 5, and statistics covering the hundred years' activity were read. A total circulation reaching the giddy figure of more than 3,000,000,000 was reported. Before such a stupendous whole the ablest affiants of newspaper circulation must pale their ineffectual lies. As a specimen, take that well-known tract, "The Swearer's Prayer." First issued in 1806, it has attained the neat circulation of 4,649,000 copies. Where's your Wully Shakspere now? Even in these times which are not for the tracts, the Society goes on printing 80,000,000 copies annually. But the imagination simply rebels at such meaningless magnitudes, just as it does at the ingenious calculations how many years it would take a cannon-ball express train to reach Alpha Cygni.

The end and aim of tract-distribution was never more clearly defined than in the very first tract issued by the Society. This was a tract to advocate tracts. Said the author:

> "Every one has not the talent of talking to others on subjects of religion. Some have a diffidence which they cannot overcome. But it is not so hard to take a tract and say, 'My friend, read that, and tell me what you think of it.' It is a cheap way of diffusing the knowledge of religion; it is not so likely to give offence as some other methods of doing good; it is more extensive in its use than any other method, and it forms an excellent accompaniment to other methods of doing good."

The idea was taken from the admirable Hannah More. Some of her minor religious publications fell like good seed in an age barren of literature. This "most powerful versificatrix in the English language," as Dr. Johnson called her, was not more proud of her forgotten poems—"Sir Eldred of the Bower," and the rest—than of her "Moral Sketches," in each of which, she boasted, there was to be found the delineation of "an exemplary parish priest." But where her "Cheap Repository Tracts" circulated by the thousand, the Society's publications have been scattered abroad by the million; and it remains for Leslie Stephen, who is not exactly a person one would expect to meet at a May Anniversary, to give the excellent Hannah the credit due her as the originator of the modern tract.

No one can question the benevolent intentions of the founders and supporters of the Tract Society, and many of its publications are far from contemptible intellectually. Wholesale sneers are usually sneers of ignorance, and before sneering at the writings issued by the Tract Society one should pause to note the names of able scholars—including some not especially identified with religious activities, like Prof. Mahaffy and the Marquis of Lorne—whose pens have been enlisted in its service. Yet, when all is said, one cannot help a feeling as of standing in the presence of an anachronism, when one contemplates presses turning out 80,000,000 of tracts every year. The conditions of all literature and the habits of reading have been so revolutionized during the past hundred years, that the industrious manufacture of tracts in this age seems very like a huge factory whose only output should be a thousand stage-coaches a week.

At the same time we are not at all prepared to deny that there are strata of society and sections of all countries where the tract may still find readers and do good, in its way. Some minds, even in the midst of civilization, retain a sort of heathen, or Arab, reverence for the printed page. Anything, they think, considered worthy of print, must be of great importance; and so it is that in remote and bookless cabins, in mining camps, and along mountain trails, the colporteur finds people willing not only to "take one free," but to ponder over a tract containing solemn warnings against the corruption of the fashionable and luxurious world. We suspect, however, that there is a good deal of fallacy lurking in the Tract Society's colossal figures. In the first place, their enormous circulation is practically a free circulation. Now, the passion for getting something for nothing is one of the most fundamental of human passions, but it is not strictly religious. Certainly it is not limited to orthodox religious literature. Dr. Channing's works have been extensively circulated as a free gift, and so have Swedenborg's. We are not sure that one of Ingersoll's lectures, if issued and distributed free by a great society, might not run the "Swearer's Prayer" hard. Ready acceptance of literature gratis does not necessarily imply a fondness for the particular thing given away. And the second ground for fearing that the Tract Society would do well to rejoice with trembling over the immense distribution of its publications, is that to accept a tract is one thing and to read it quite another. If a tract can be offered without offence, it can also be taken to avoid the offence of a refusal and then quietly thrown away as soon as the giver's back is turned. Thus the gratulations of a successful tract-writer may be only on a par with the boasts of a soldier who knows he has killed 150 of the enemy because he has fired 150 rounds. It may be doubted if as high a proportion of tracts as of Mauser bullets reach their billets.

### *THE POISON IN OUR FOOD.*

An eminent French chemist wrote a book not long ago in which he made a forecast of the time when human beings would cease eating meat or vegetables, and would take all their food in the shape of compact chemical tablets of diverse flavors. It is possible that the day may come when chemists will be able to manufacture nutritious and wholesome food out of the elements; but if we are to judge the future by the present, it is to be hoped that the era of chemical food may be postponed indefinitely. It has long been known that a very large percentage of our food is more or less adulterated with substances that can be made to resemble it in appearance and flavor, and which are often harmless. If they were all innocuous, the question would be merely one of commercial honesty, competition, and price. But many of them are injurious

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to health, and therefore call for more vigorous measures.

"As early as 1820, attention was called in England to the dangers from adulterated food through Accum's treatise, 'Death in the Pot.' In 1851 the *Lancet* declared war against dishonest manufacturers, printing every week a list of culprits, with chemical analyses of their products, and continuing this for three years. Repeated legislative enactments since that time have given the English considerable protection, but that it is still far from complete may be inferred from an article in the *Lancet* of April 22, on "Meat Extract of Vile Origin," which shows that such extracts are occasionally made of putrid liver and offal. "It might be thought impossible," it remarks, "that such filthy material could be fabricated into a toothsome paste, but so it is, the use of deodorizers and subtle flavoring materials having been placed at the disposal of offal-mongers by the advances (alas, that it must be so confessed) of chemical knowledge. . . . Of course, cooking would destroy most noxious germs, but their products, the poisonous ptomaines, would remain. . . . Their presence in an extract would cause very serious symptoms of poisoning."

In this country many State legislatures have enacted laws making injurious food adulterations illegal, and Congress has set aside an annual appropriation for use in investigating such adulterations, partly for the sake of protecting honest producers. The proceedings of the War-Investigating Committee have resulted in a fiasco for the Government, but they have at least done good in calling the nation's attention in a sensational way to this subject of "Death in the Pot." By a fortunate coincidence, official reports regarding the alarming extent of food adulteration and poisoning have been recently prepared in several States, and the result is that the press all over the country is discussing this matter.

In Pennsylvania the Food and Dairy Commissioner, Levi Wells, has ascertained that chemical companies have had agents travelling regularly in the State to sell to butchers chemicals for preserving meats, the favorite being apparently boracic acid, which "is certainly deleterious to health." The packages are labelled, telling how the chemicals are to be used on meat. In Connecticut the Agricultural Experiment Station issued on May 1 its annual report on the adulteration of foods. It gives a summary of the extent to which frauds are practised on consumers, thanks to Yankee ingenuity combined with modern advances in chemistry. Of sixty-three samples of fruit jellies, two-thirds were adulterated, not only with starch and glucose, but with aniline dye and poisonous salicylic acid. Out of forty samples of marmalades and jams only three were pure. Of forty-seven samples of beer and ale, twelve contained salicylic acid, and nineteen samples of sausages and oysters were found "embalmed" by boric acid.

"The use of antiseptics as preservatives of food is becoming alarmingly great," says Prof. Mitchell, analytical chemist of the Wisconsin Dairy and Food Commission. Farmers mix them with milk and butter, and they act disastrously on the tissues of the stomach. Nearly every butcher in Illinois, he says, makes use, especially in the preparation of "Hamburger steak," of preserving chemicals, including sulphide of soda, a compound which checks fermentation and therefore makes it difficult to digest the meat. A Government expert has testified that this chemical had been used by medical students to preserve cadavers, and by physicians to disinfect houses where there had been smallpox. At the recent sessions of the United States Pure-Food Investigating Committee in Chicago, the testimony of several other experts was taken, all of whom agreed that the antiseptic chemicals so freely used in the preservation of food and drink are deleterious, and in many cases poisonous. Dr. Wiley, chemist to the National Agricultural Department, declared, among other things, that no food which contains preservatives is fit to eat, and that probably the one most commonly used, because of its cheapness, is salicylic acid, which should be forbidden because it is very bad for the health, especially in the case of weak stomachs. A pamphlet published by the Department of Agriculture at Washington states that "the use of salicylic acid as a food preservative has been forbidden by several European governments." Here it is used to a large extent, both by native canners and by foreigners who take advantage of our situation. The Department found it in fifteen out of twenty samples of string beans, in ten out of twelve samples of baked beans, in twenty-four out of forty-one cases of corn, and so on.

This testimony, from so many expert and unbiassed sources, fully justifies the heading given to our article. The chemicals used to preserve our food and drink have become a serious menace to health. There are thousands of invalids whose chances of recovery and life depend on their getting the purest drugs and food, and there can be no doubt that some of these are killed every day by the poisons in milk, butter, and meat, put there by farmers, grocers, and butchers to save trouble or avoid the risk of goods spoiling on their hands. To perfectly robust individuals these chemicals may be comparatively harmless, but Americans are a nation of dyspeptics, and salicylic acid, the favorite preservative used here, has been pronounced by the Paris Academy of Medicine especially injurious to dyspeptics. Their life is made wretched by the systematic food poisoning for the profit of dishonest dealers; salts of zinc or copper in a dish of canned peas, for example (put there to give them a pretty green color!), may result in a sleepless night, colic, headache, loss of a day's work, and general misery; and this may go on indefinitely, rendering life a burden, without any suspicion in the victim of the real cause. Last summer a Western hotel lost hundreds of guests, who left, one after the other, because they all became ill for some mysterious reason. The water and ice were held responsible, but careful experiment showed that the illness was due to the use in the kitchen of cheap coal-tar flavoring extracts. In saving $10 by buying this stuff the proprietor of the hotel lost $10,000. These coal-tar extracts are used to a very great extent in confectionery, ice-cream, soda-water, etc., and to many persons they are poisonous. They deserve a special investigation.

To remedy this state of affairs it has been suggested that a national food commission should be organized with powers to examine manufactured products and testify as to their quality. The most important thing to remember, if this is done, is that fines are of little use, imprisonment of the real culprits being the only effective deterrent. This was proved in Munich, where the law that only hops and malt must be used in the manufacture of beer was ineffectual as long as the brewers were simply fined, for they found that it was more profitable to make poor beer and pay a fine than to make good beer and pay no fine. But when the Government began to imprison the rich brewers, they began to make honest beer. Pending the enactment of similar laws in this country, covering drink and food, there is a method which can be applied at once by honest manufacturers and dealers. Let them print the contents of their cans on the labels, offer rewards for discovery of adulterations, and advertise on a large scale in the newspapers, and they will become as prosperous as the Munich brewers.

## THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION AT ATLANTA.

ATLANTA, May 15, 1899.

After holding twenty meetings in successive years in various places in the North, this Association last year selected Atlanta as its place of meeting for 1899. Two subsequent events tended to give singular interest to this gathering: first, the establishment by the Legislature of Georgia last winter of a State Library Commission, the first in the South; and second, the recent gift of $100,000 to Atlanta by Andrew Carnegie for a library building. Mr. Carnegie's gift was made in recognition of the intention of the Young Men's Library Association to present its entire property, valued at $100,000, to the city for a free library, and was conditioned on the city's accepting the proposition, furnishing a site, guaranteeing

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municipal support to the extent of $5,000 annually, and maintaining the institution as a free public library. All these conditions having been met, the meeting held in the Grand Opera-house on Tuesday evening, May 9, to extend a welcome to the American Library Association, was made the occasion for the formal passing of the deeds, and for felicitous speechmaking in recognition of the importance and promise of the transaction, not only to Atlanta, but to the entire South; such a movement here foreshadowing quite clearly similar efforts in the whole tier of States.

The attendance at the sessions of the Association, May 8 to 13, was a truly national one, among the places represented being Bangor and Brunswick, Me.; Lincoln, Neb.; Minneapolis (six delegates from its public library), San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver; Austin, Texas; and New Orleans, as well as the whole intermediate country. An interesting paper on "Libraries in the Gulf States" was presented by Mr. William Beer, librarian of the Howard Memorial and Fiske Free Libraries of New Orleans. Briefly summarized, its facts are as follows:

| | Libraries. | Volumes. | Free libraries. | Circulation. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Florida | 21 | 48,000 | 1 | 4,188 |
| Alabama | 47 | 126,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Mississippi | 61 | 180,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Louisiana | 41 | 220,000 | 1 | 100,000 |
| Texas | 90 | 158,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 260 | 732,000 | 2 | 104,188 |

By free libraries is meant those actually free for circulation. Others reported as free are free for reference only. The State libraries are nearly all in a neglected condition and of little use. The above statement does not include school and college libraries, the list being made up mainly of small subscription libraries having an average of 3,800 volumes. Only about one-half possess over 1,000 volumes each. The percentage of books in libraries to population in the group of States is about ten: in Massachusetts it is two hundred and four, counting only free public libraries. Such a statement shows that, in the Southern States, public libraries, using the term in a true sense, are practically non-existent. Not only were they out of harmony with the institutions and conditions of life in the old South, but they could naturally gain ground but slowly in the new South. This is essentially a new country, hardly distinguishable in its modes of life from the remoter West; the population is scattered; village life, so characteristic of New England, is almost unknown; and the wealth which, through endowments, has been the mainstay of the library movement in the North, does not exist here. Hence that movement, in order to take root and have a natural growth in this soil, must adapt itself to entirely new conditions.

It is quite within bounds to say that, at this meeting of the American Library Association, it has been made apparent that such adaptation is taking place, and that already the public-library movement has made a real start in the South, in a conformity to existing conditions which augurs well for its future. It is through the women's clubs mainly that this is being done. It is not within my province to make a study of the development of the woman's-club movement in this part of the country. It is certain that it is "here, and here to stay," as the saying is; and these clubs have been led to take up as almost the first "cause" to be advanced by them that of the free library. Here in Atlanta it was largely by the work of the woman's club, well directed by Miss Anne Wallace, the energetic librarian of the Young Men's Library, that the subscription library has been made free and has attracted Mr. Carnegie's handsome gift. By the same influence an act was carried through the Legislature of Georgia last winter etsablishing a State Library Commission. Very recently the women's clubs of South Carolina have been federated, and their first united action was the preparation of a similar law for that State, which it is hoped will be passed the coming winter. These commissions are likely to prepare and secure the passage of bills permitting towns to establish and maintain free libraries by taxation, and encouraging such action by State aid. The legislation common to the Northern States must be modified to suit Southern conditions, and these commissions represent the first effort to study those conditions and meet them.

But the women's clubs are not limiting their library work to the procurement of proper legislation. They are actively promoting the beginnings of libraries in many towns and the use of travelling libraries for the scattered population. One of the most interesting papers read at the convention was that of Mrs. Eugenie Heard, of Middleton, Ga., describing the work she has been carrying on, on behalf of the federation of women's clubs, in sending travelling libraries to stations on the Seaboard Air Line. Nine of these libraries are now out, being moved from place to place once in two months. Each contains about fifty good books, selected with special reference to the population to be reached, and they are already arousing, in the section traversed, a great interest, which will speedily be turned to the formation of local libraries for the free use of the public. Within four years just that number of free libraries have been established in South Carolina, and they are in close touch with the women's-club movement. In Texas, too, as Mr. Beer said in his paper, "the wave of library creation, under the inspiration of the State federation of women's clubs, has struck Waco, Dallas, Sherman, Abilene, Victoria, Belton, Tyler, and Denison."

I have thought it worth while to give space to this résumé of library matters in the South as preliminary to what is to be said about the meeting itself, which will doubtless give an immense stimulus to all these efforts, by bringing earnest Southern workers into acquaintance and fellowship with those from other parts of the country. The presiding officer was Mr. William C. Lane, librarian of Harvard University, to whose intelligent efforts, on behalf of the Association, was largely due the recent appointment as Librarian of Congress of Mr. Herbert Putnam. The Association passed a vote recording its gratitude that, in such an appointment, eminent fitness had been made the chief qualification, and its sense that librarianship had thus been distinctly honored. Dr. Cyrus Adler, librarian of the Smithsonian Institution, gave to the Association a summary of his report, soon to be published in *Science*, on the second international conference on the cataloguing of scientific literature, held in London in 1898. It appears that this matter has now been carried so far that it is hoped that the work contemplated, *i. e.*, the furnishing of complete current catalogues of all scientific books and papers, through the medium of an international bureau, to be supported by the Governments of the coöperating nations, may be begun with the twentieth century, in 1901. If prepared in the form of a card catalogue, it is estimated that 160,000 cards annually would be issued. This enormous addition to the card catalogues would, even in the largest libraries, be too great to be contemplated otherwise than with dismay, and it seems likely that the card form may be found acceptable only to those (and it is supposed there will be many such) who desire to collect the titles in some particular branch of science. Annual (possibly semi-annual, or quarterly) volumes will probably be issued as the form most acceptable to libraries. It is estimated that the book form may cost about $80 per year, the card form (complete) over $200. The question of classification is still undetermined by the *international committee, but they are* reported to have agreed upon the safe principle that no one scheme of classification shall be imposed on the whole field of science, but that each department shall be arranged with reference to its own natural categories. Meantime, the place of the proposed international catalogue is being fairly well filled in a general way by the cards furnished by the publishing board of the American Library Association, which are coöperatively prepared by five of the largest American libraries.

No remark is more commonly made about library work than that its methods are constantly changing, and in the nature of the case it is very natural that this should be so, for it is quite evident that the library system of this country is as yet in its infancy, and but just escaping from its swaddling-clothes. Nothing could better illustrate this than the result of the discussion at the Atlanta meeting of the question of free access of the readers in a public library to the shelves. This result, which certainly deserves to be called astonishing, was that of the 150 librarians present, *representing the entire country, not one voted, when* a show of hands was called, against the principle of "safeguarded open access" (as our English cousins have dubbed it) to at least a very considerable share of the library. The rather singular fact was also brought out that in the large cities where the system has been applied to nearly all the books in the library, *e. g.*, in Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Cleveland, while the annual loss of books runs up to 200 or 300, their value is saved several times over in the reduced number of attendants required to serve the public.

But the most important bearing of this new principle of public library administration, which has wholly come to the front within the last fifteen years, is upon the much-mooted question of library architecture. The vaunted "stack" system for the close "storage" of books is by no means adapted to the access of the public. Especially as applied in the new building of the Boston Library, it renders such access impossible except for a small minority of the books. Such stacks as those of the Library of Congress could possibly meet the new requirement, but *it will be much better met by* a return to open halls and alcoves. Nothing seems clearer than that the public library building of the future must provide space enough (and a large library can do it by a succession of floors, with elevators) for most of its books to be displayed where readers can freely handle them, and make their own

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selections, only a minority of the volumes, those of special value and calculated to tempt the book-thief, being "stored" away and subject to use only on special call. Even these exceptional books will be more and more collected in "special libraries" (one fine feature of the Boston building), where even they can be made quite freely accessible under supervision to those admitted as scholars to their use. Library building committees and architects must have their attention called to this new development, which makes all "model" buildings yet erected a delusion and a snare if copied in working for the future.

I cannot bring this already too long letter to a close without a few words about one peculiar aspect of library work in the South. Undoubtedly the establishment of free libraries in which all citizens are to have equal rights has been, and will still be, greatly hindered by the race difficulty. But a somewhat careful inquiry as to the way things are going in several Southern States gives me a good deal of confidence that this difficulty is a bugbear rather than a real hindrance. As a bugbear it will hinder, but it seems bound to yield to the logic of events. Southern people say, when asked about it, that the whites will not use the same books that are taken by the negroes, and that therefore the negroes cannot be admitted on equal terms. There is force in this view, and it will have to be recognized, and to some extent met by the establishment of branch libraries in those wards or those villages and hamlets where the negroes most congregate. But the better class of negroes will expect to use, for a higher kind of reading than these branches will afford, the best facilities offered by the larger and the central libraries. In some libraries in this section, where the population is about equally divided, the question seems to be settling itself along these lines. The presence of negroes in the central library excites no remark, as negro servants are constantly sent for books. Hence any difficulty that might be raised would have to turn on the question, "Are you here as messenger or on your own account?" As to the reading of the same books by the two races, there can be no real difficulty. White people whose food is prepared, and whose children are nursed, fondled, and kissed by negro servants, cannot long maintain so artificial a race separation as this of the books. As in the North, so here (and with more or less of distinction based on race), the books freely taken from the library by the "low-down" classes, and rapidly acquiring the marks of such use, will not be drawn by the more fastidious. This is very largely provided for by the natural division between classes of readers as to the authors read and the subjects on which books are consulted. With the further provision of branches and of special collections of books for use in the schools for colored children, it may be hoped and expected that any trepidation as to difficulties arising from the race problem as affecting the free-library movement will disappear in the light of common sense and enlightened public spirit.

W. I. Fletcher,
Librarian of Amherst College.

## FARCE OR TRAGEDY?

London, April 29, 1899.

The conditions are changing so rapidly in London that I have come away from the Royal Academy and the New Gallery asking myself how much longer even the conservative British public can be made to believe that these are the two great art exhibitions of the year. In the old days there was a definite reason for the existence of the New Gallery. It inherited the traditions of the older Grosvenor as the haven of refuge, the headquarters, the temple of all those artists who were distinguished, not humiliated, by the neglect of the Academy. To its managers and directors the distinguished artists meant chiefly Burne-Jones, together with all his followers and imitators and admirers. Burne-Jones had sufficient individuality to give the gallery a very decided character, and sufficient fame or notoriety to insure its popular and financial success. But now that, unfortunately, with Burne-Jones it has lost its chief attraction, its chief support, what is there left? It is not worth while to depend upon Mr. Watts and Mr. Holman Hunt, two of the Gallery's other principal upholders. Both exhibit this year, but of their contributions I shall say nothing. They are men who, in their time, have done great things or played an important part in historic movements, but they are no longer young, and it is better to remember their accomplishments in the past than to consider seriously their mere echo of them to-day. To turn from them and from the sham primitives is to find the collection made up of the sentimental banalities of one of the managers—canvases which, the chances are, would not be accepted elsewhere; the work of an occasional stray foreigner of no great note; and the overflow from the Academy. This is, absolutely and without exaggeration, all. For really great work, even for strange or striking experiment, you will search in vain.

The one canvas which appears to me worthy to be mentioned specially is Mr. Sargent's portrait of Col. Ian Hamilton, and it really is not so much a finished portrait as a good, vigorous study. In a show devoted solely to Mr. Sargent it would not call for any particular attention; it would be easily surpassed. In the New Gallery it stands out too prominently to be passed over. Where so many things are dull and lifeless, this tall, spare figure, with the gaunt, keen, bony face, and the sensitive hands, seems all alert and alive, all energy and force and character, though it seems, too, cut out of the cold, uninteresting gray background instead of forming a part of it. It is an admirable *study;* the picture has yet to be painted. But one Sargent, and that not a very remarkable Sargent, will not make a good or representative exhibition. If the New Gallery can do no better, it would be wiser and more dignified to bring its career to an end and rest on its laurels.

The Royal Academy, within my knowledge of that institution, has never seemed so conscious of its inefficiency. To begin with, for the first time in many years it is beginning to listen to criticism and to make at least an appearance of concession. For long, the rule regulating the sending in of work to the yearly exhibition has been found fault with. This rule is that members of the Academy can exhibit eight works of art, and outsiders submit eight. The increase in the number of contributors has also increased the task of the selecting committee—a more powerful argument than public dissatisfaction—and, by way of helping themselves, under a show of generosity, it has been suggested that, henceforward, Academicians and Associates should exhibit six works and outsiders submit four. But though outsiders, with cheerful blindness to the fact that the new rule is a trifle more unjust than the old, have been rejoicing, I do not think the concession amounts to very much, one way or the other, but for the interpretation artists have given to it. Far more noteworthy are the signs of discouragement, of fear, or hesitation—I hardly know what—within the Academical ranks. For weeks before the opening of the Academy, one heard of the various misfortunes and accidents that would prevent Academicians from finishing their important pictures in time. Now the Academy has opened, one finds that, on the one hand, men, like Mr. Dicksee and Mr. Fildes, who, in the old days, sent what were politely called the pictures of the year—pictures that drew the crowd as surely as Mr. Frith's "Derby Day"—are apparently afraid to venture upon anything more compromising than a portrait; that, on the other hand, men, like Mr. Abbey and Mr. Herkomer, who still try to rise to the occasion, either betray their own artlessness in the effort, or else show so lamentable a falling off from a once high standard that it would be better if they did not exhibit at all.

The failure of Mr. Herkomer need not, perhaps, be taken very seriously. His work in any medium—and he has tried many—has never been distinguished for its refinement or its feeling for beauty; but this year one simply stands amazed before his huge metal shield, in form not unlike a tea-tray, covered, hardly adorned, with enamels, that in some quarters is being spoken of with bated breath as literally and in truth, "The Triumph of the Hour," which Mr. Herkomer calls it. In this, he is supposed to have carried the art of enamel farther than ever it has been carried before, and, if to do something that has never been done because it should not be done, is a merit, then Mr. Herkomer deserves all possible credit—or discredit. Elaborate pictures in strident and many colors, but quite guiltless of good drawing, each with a little text below it, are scattered over the shield, fitted into the space much as editors of illustrated papers sometimes fit in a number of drawings on the same page, without any special thought for the design or effect of the collection as a whole. For the sake of a novelty, Mr. Herkomer has disregarded all the artistic limits of an art which is lovely only within these limits. But, remembering a succession of novelties by him in the past, this last departure is, after all, not so much of a surprise.

It is when we come to Mr. Abbey that we have more genuine cause for regret. Mr. Abbey's distinction as an illustrator has led us to expect only great things from him. Whether it is, however, that the necessity of turning out a huge canvas every season has become too much of a burden, or whether he, like so many others, is not strong enough to resist the benumbing, the deadening influence of the Academy, it is not easy to say; but certainly, year by year, his painting seems more and more perfunctory, more and more a mere exercise in studio properties. In the two pictures he now shows, "Who is Sylvia?" and "O Mistress Mine, Where Are You Roaming?" figures and costumes we remember in his very beautiful pastels and drawings reappear in canvases far too large for them, telling the story they have to tell

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with a grace that will probably appeal to the public taste, but with none of the qualities that would delight the painter.

As for the other Academicians and Associates, they exhibit nothing of the slightest interest if I except the portraits by Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Sargent; and, while Mr. Orchardson varies his pleasant color scheme and general treatment so little that what you say of his work one year, need only be said again the next, Mr. Sargent is not particularly good, that is, for him. In his "Lady Faudel-Phillips" he has added to his rapidly increasing gallery of Jews, the type seeming to fascinate him as it did some of the old masters; but he has scarcely repeated his success of last summer. The new portrait is not marked by the wonderful realization of character that simply appalled one in the Mr. Wertheimer, nor has it the flamboyant gayety of the Mrs. Carl Meyer. You can see that it amused him to paint this large, smiling, prosperous woman, in her gorgeous gown and jewels; but the dog with pink tongue sitting in her lap only reminds one of the finer opportunity found in Mr. Wertheimer. Mr. Sargent, for the moment, succeeds better in a very different type—the type of the elderly schoolmistress in his Miss Jane Evans, whose severe black tailor dress has given him small chance for audacious cleverness of handling and interpretation, but who herself has a dignity and sober charm he has expressed very admirably.

However, I think the best portrait is not this one by Mr. Sargent, but rather Mr. McLure Hamilton's much smaller and more unpretending presentment of Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. It is insignificant enough in size to have been hung in the gallery devoted to the small canvases, but it is so full of character, so harmonious in its beautiful silvery grays, that it is actually the most striking portrait in the exhibition. And so it is with the landscapes. There are, it is true, two or three large, rather stately compositions by Mr. Alfred East, the new Associate, who has improved enormously within the last twelvemonth; but by far the most accomplished, by far the loveliest is a quiet little canvas by Mr. Mark Fisher that hangs in the same gallery with Mr. Hamilton's portrait—a simple stretch of green country, devoid of incident, but transfigured in the golden glow of the summer afternoon. Mr. Fisher's sunlight sometimes is too harsh in its glitter, his pastorals sometimes are too restless with many details, but this picture has a serenity, a calmness, a repose that recall the triumphs of Barbizon.

If the New Gallery contains nothing of note but a vigorous study by Mr. Sargent, the successes of the Royal Academy, it is seen, must be reduced to two small pictures, a portrait and a landscape—both, it should be remarked in passing, the work of Americans and outsiders. Of course there may possibly be other good things; the hanging is so atrocious that there is never any telling what may be hidden up under the ceiling or down by the floor, or else overshadowed by unsympathetic surroundings. But I can speak only of what is visible on the walls, and I have by no means overstated or understated the case.

All the fashionable world crowds to the Academy's private view, Royalty eats its dinner, and the Prime Minister, in fireworks of rhetoric, sings the praise of the horrors in its galleries as if he really believed them to rival the Sir Joshuas and Gainsboroughs they have replaced. It would be farcical if it were not so tragic for the artist. But curiously, though the public faith continues unshaken, doubt seems to have sprung up within the Academy itself. As I have said, Academicians no longer have the old cheerful confidence in their own popularity that permitted them to expose, without a tremor, the vulgarity or banality of what they were pleased to call their art. There is that recent concession—concession in name at all events—to exhibitors which is significant; but more significant still is the fact that the universal condemnation of the decorations now in progress at St. Paul's has called forth the protest of the President of the Royal Academy of Arts against one of its members, Sir William B. Richmond, the decorator appointed by the Dean and Chapter. This looks as if all were not well at Burlington House, and I can understand the dismay the President's action has created among Academicians. N. N.

## CHATEAUBRIAND.

PARIS, May 4, 1899.

Nobody has made a deeper mark on French literature in our century than Chateaubriand. He first may be said to have broken with the dry and conventional literature of the Empire and to have been the founder of the Romantic school. He was a poet in prose. The richness of his imagination, the ardor and violence of his passions, his incurable sadness and melancholy, gave him something of the character of a prophet. His account of his youth in the stern castle of Combourg will always be among the most impressive pages of our modern literature; his 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe,' in which these pages appear, are becoming more and more admired as they grow older. The present generation has become indifferent to the political quarrels of the Restoration; it reads in the 'Mémoires' only the parts which Chauteaubriand devotes to his youth, to his life during the emigration and during the Empire, which he refused to serve after the execution of the Duke d'Enghien.

M. Edmond Biré has just published in three volumes a new edition of the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe,' with an introduction, notes, and commentaries. It may be considered as definitive, for M. Edmond Biré has made for himself a sort of specialty, which consists in the most minute and elaborate study of all the original documents and manuscripts. Nobody is better informed, more careful, more painstaking. He has published most interesting and documentary works on Victor Hugo, on Honoré de Balzac. He can be compared, for minuteness and exactitude, careful analysis of memoirs, letters, articles in old reviews or even old papers, only with M. de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul. The text of Chateaubriand's Memoirs, like that of Saint-Simon, has great need of a perpetual commentary. So many people are mentioned in them, so many figures appear simply in the background, so many events are merely alluded to, that the modern reader often needs to be instructed. M. Biré's commentary is very complete and very precise, and has been written with the care which M. de Boislisle shows in his magnificent edition of Saint-Simon now appearing, volume by volume, too slowly for our curiosity.

Chateaubriand began his Memoirs in 1809, on his return from his journey in the East. He often afterwards retouched them, made changes, additions, not always for the better—according to the passion of the moment. The work may be said to have been written in fragments, and unfortunately we do not possess the original manuscripts of these fragments. In 1826 the first part of the Memoirs was finished, and Madame Récamier, so devoted to Chateaubriand, made a copy of the first three books from the manuscript; this copy has, in consequence, great value, and M. Biré shows by extracts that it is sometimes a little different from the text which was printed in 1848. This copy was published only in 1874, under the title, 'Remembrances of the Infancy and Youth of Chateaubriand: Manuscript of 1826.' Chateaubriand retired from active politics in 1831, after the Revolution, and could devote more time to his Memoirs; in 1834 seven volumes were already completed, and it became his habit to read parts of them to a chosen few at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, in the salon of Madame Récamier. The scene has often been described: Chateaubriand seated in a chair, like an old lion; Madame Récamier watching every movement of his eyes, every emotion in his face; M. Ampère and sometimes M. de Loménie reading. Sundry fragments were, at the time, given to reviews and to newspapers. They were put together in a volume, now very rare, entitled 'Readings from the Memoirs of M. de Chateaubriand.' Our National Library possesses some manuscript fragments of Chateaubriand which were in the possession of one of his secretaries and left by him to a friend, who made a copy of them. Both manuscripts and copies are in the Library's department of manuscripts.

"It was in Rome," says Chateaubriand, "that I conceived for the first time the 'Memoirs of My Life.'" In a letter addressed to Joubert in 1813, he explains himself on the subject in these terms:

"My only happiness is to snatch a few hours during which I can occupy myself with a work that alone can bring solace to my pain—the 'Memoirs of My Life.' . . . Be easy; there will be no confessions painful to my friends. If I am to be something hereafter, my friends will have a name as fine and respectable. I will not speak to posterity of my weaknesses in detail; I will only say of myself what is suitable to my dignity as a man, and (I dare to say) to my elevation of spirit. One should present to the world only what is beautiful; and it is not being false to God to show in our life only what may incite others to noble and generous sentiments. It is not that I have really anything to conceal; I have not caused a servant to be discharged for a stolen ribbon, nor abandoned a dying friend in the street, nor dishonored the woman who had sheltered me, nor sent my natural children to the Foundling Asylum."

You recognize the allusions to Jean Jacques Rousseau. It is clear that Chateaubriand often had him in mind when composing his Memoirs. One of the reasons why he was anxious to paint his own portrait was that he was afraid it would be painted by others in a less flattering way. In the Preface to the edition of 1834, he says on this subject: "I consider that, as my life belongs on one side to the public, I could not have escaped all the composers of memoirs, all the venal biographers who in the evening put in the papers what in the morning they have heard in the ante-rooms. . . . Every man who has played a part in the society of his time owes to the defence of his memory a monument by which he may be judged."

It was idle for Chateaubriand to give us

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his reasons for writing his Memoirs. He was, above all, an artist, with extraordinary powers of imagination and description. The book was in him, it was his own life—he could no more help writing it than an apple-tree can help bearing apples; especially as his was a very tormented, agitated, pessimistic mind, and he had to seek in himself the cause of his perpetual melancholy. It is this pessimism, finding such varied and eloquent expression, which gave to Chateaubriand a new place in literature. The literature of the *grand siècle* is optimistic; the literature of the eighteenth is gay and frivolous. After the great drama of the Revolution, the great epic poem of the Empire, France needed a Chateaubriand; she found in him the expression of her own emotion, her own regrets, her own fears, her own admirations.

The great and in many senses magnificent movement of the Romantic school was a departure from all conventions; it was, so to speak, a leap in the dark, just as the Revolution and the Empire had been. The Memoirs may be considered a poem in prose. They have not the dryness, the precision of ordinary memoirs. Every event, every incident of life becomes the subject of or pretext for a lyrical effusion. Chateaubriand says truly, "My solitary, dreamy, poetical life went on through a world of realities or catastrophes, of tumult, of noise, with the sons of my dreams," Choctaws, René, Eudore, etc., "with the daughters of my chimæras," Atala, Amélie, etc. The work is so personal that George Sand calls it, in a letter to Sainte-Beuve, a work devoid of morality. But lyric poetry is perforce personal, and it is because the Memoirs are so personal that Chateaubriand preferred them to all his other works. He spoke of them as "this poor orphan who will remain after me in the world." He never ceased to amend them, to add, to suppress; and M. de Loménie tells us that, during the last months of his life, he gave himself the melancholy pleasure of having them read to him once more from beginning to end.

The history of Chateaubriand's reputation as a writer is instructive. It was founded at first on the 'Genius of Christianity,' a work which prepared and accompanied the revival of the Catholic religion after the impious days of the French Revolution. This work served the purposes of Bonaparte and was a sort of support for the Concordat. Though it contains some fine pages, it has no value from a theological and argumentative point of view; nevertheless, it had an immense success, as it corresponded with the state of mind of those in France (and they formed the immense majority) who regretted the excesses of the Revolution, and wished to see the churches reopened. As a work of art, its arrangement leaves much to be desired, and the Classicists of 1802 criticised it not without reason. It proved a tie between young Chateaubriand and Napoleon: the neo-Christian ambassadorial secretary was sent to Rome. We know how the tie was suddenly severed when Chateaubriand learned of the execution of the Duke d'Enghien.

Chateaubriand's first novels were as successful as the 'Genius of Christianity.' They gave to the French the first vision of the wild West, of the red Indians; they opened, also, new vistas in the land of sentiment, very different from those to which the eighteenth century had been accustomed. Chateaubriand's reputation as a writer came to its apogee during the Restoration, not only because he was one of those for whom the Restoration was a sort of personal triumph, and because he became one of the chief political leaders of the time—minister, ambassador—and was thus brought into the focus of popular admiration; but also because he became, if not the most important, one of the most important promoters of the great literary revolution which goes under the name of Romanticism.

The Revolution of 1830 was a great blow to Chateaubriand. He had at various times been driven into the opposition under the Restoration, but his opposition was always constitutional. When the edifice which he had helped to build was overthrown, his natural sadness and melancholy became a sort of dark and aggressive misanthropy. His literary reputation could but suffer from the violence of this misanthropy; he made a great number of enemies by his diatribes, by the expression of a contempt which became almost universal. The men of 1830 whom he disliked and despised, took their revenge by trying to ignore him, or by attacking his style, his manner; they found the weak spot in the man, and denounced him as an egotist, as a charlatan of sensibility, as a comedian. All that can be said against Chateaubriand has found the cleverest expression in a work of Sainte-Beuve's. Sainte-Beuve the critic is unsparing, but Sainte-Beuve was too much of an artist also not to feel the greatness, the loftiness of the genius of Chateaubriand. We are now so far from the passions which divided the generation of the Restoration and that of 1830, the followers of the Bourbon and the followers of the Citizen King, that Chateaubriand's reputation is having a sort of revival. I will, as a proof of it, allude only to the very remarkable, sympathetic, one might almost say, enthusiastic articles written of late years on Chateaubriand by the Viscount Melchoir de Vogüé, and to the publication of the new and very conscientious edition of the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe' by M. Edmond Biré.

# Correspondence.

## BENEVOLENT ASSIMILATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With an area of 2,500,000 square miles acquired in the last ninety-five years, we, in quest of additional territory, are butchering on their native islands in tropical seas the Filipinos, who have nearly fifteen times as many people to the square mile as we have in said area. Even with the present population of the region constituting the original thirteen States thrown in, the inhabitants of the Philippines are more than three times as many to the square mile as those of the United States. In other words, we must have 250,000,000 of people before our country will be as thickly settled as Luzon, and 500,000,000 before it is as populous as Cebu. This alone should deter us from pursuing further the course marked out by the present Administration, to say nothing of the self-evident fallacy of thinking that people of the temperate zones could long thrive in the deadly tropics of an Oriental, sea-level country—unless, indeed, it is the deliberate purpose of our Administration to exploit Asiatic labor by compulsion.

For its relevance to this point, I append the following letter just received from a Hollander. It is the third communication of similar tenor that I have received from natives of that country:

"Your pamphlet, 'Imperial Democracy,' has attracted a great deal of attention. The United States certainly will have a great task before it to develop the Philippines as Holland developed Java, and your question as to how this can be accomplished by annexation and bringing the islands under United States laws is one that cannot be easily answered. The labor question will, I think, be the hardest problem for the government of the Philippines to solve.

"I have worked in the tropics of Africa, Surinam, and British Honduras, and conducted the most productive and valuable sugar estates in Surinam. After the émancipation of laborers to freedom in the tropics, agricultural enterprises were ruined. Calcutta and Madras labor imported into the British West Indies has brought relief to England's possessions there, but bring even negroes from Barbados and Jamaica to the mainland, Guiana, and one will see the failure. While in Surinam, we tried to get consent from the European Powers to import negroes from Africa under the same conditions as coolies are imported from Calcutta and Madras, to save our large agricultural interests there. Our petitions were endorsed by the most prominent public men in England and Holland, but we failed, and we had to see our sugar estates go to ruin. We also tried white labor from Holland, Belgium, France, and Portugal, but met with such disastrous sickness among our men that our labor accounts were more than tripled. The contract labor for Surinam under Government supervision brought some relief, especially to the small coffee and cocoa-planters, but sugar suffered, and how the United States will make the Philippines produce regular labor under American laws is a question which will take some time before it is answered. I do not think that the Americans who may embark upon agricultural enterprises in the Philippines will have the natural patience of the Hollander, which is always essential in dealing with the laboring classes of the tropics to make a success there.

"As you justly say in your paper, tropical climates, no matter where, are demoralizing. I remember well the first day I set foot in the tropics, being then very young, and how much I deplored the lack of wisdom displayed by my family in sending me to such a zone. It is not only what a man suffers physically in the tropics, but the severe moral deterioration which is sustained, and how disgusted he feels in his surroundings. Any one who has not been there and whose higher feelings are not developed cannot understand it. All the tropics are described as luxuriant as a paradise, but I wish many times I had never been in such paradises—they are a real hell on earth."

Upon this question of labor, Special Commissioner E. W. Harden says in his report on the 'Financial and Industrial Conditions of the Philippine Islands':

"The question of labor is a serious one. The natives are not to be depended upon as laborers. They work only when they see fit, and their work is far from being satisfactory. The best workers in the Philippine Islands are the Chinese coolies; most of them, however, are in and around Manila. The Spanish Government had a law in force under which Chinese coolies were allowed to land on the payment of a tax of $50 a head. Under the military occupation of Manila no more Chinese have been allowed to land at that port. Planters and business men believe the Chinese should be allowed to come in, under proper restrictions, as they make the best servants and in many ways the best laborers that can be obtained in the islands."

The Chinese are, in fact, the best laborers that can be obtained in the Orient, but are the masses of the American people ready to invite race troubles by an influx of Asiatics—either by unrestricted immigration or as citizens of the United States under the annexation of the Philippines?

As to retaining these islands, the whole

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scheme is one of forcible annexation, dictated by commercial greed. Commissioner Denby, who is popularly supposed to dominate the commission now in the Philippines (and doubtless does), after stating the proposition as a purely "business" one, has said:

"The cold, hard, practical question alone remains: Will the possession of these islands benefit us as a nation? If it will not, set them free to-morrow, and let their people, if they wish, cut each other's throats or play what pranks they please. To this complexion we must come at last, that, unless it is beneficial for us to hold these islands, we should turn them loose."

If this does not dispose of the last semblance of altruism, the last vestige of benevolence, I do not know what further evidence is needed. We cannot assimilate alien races, and the invitation, however presented, to bring Oriental peoples under the government of the United States, with freedom to come and go as citizens, means more just such happenings as have disgraced this country in the brutal murders of Chinese on the Pacific Coast and of negroes in the Western and Southern States.

JOHN J. VALENTINE.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 16, 1899.

## NO ESCAPE FROM McKINLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having lately stated my firm belief that Mr. McKinley will be renominated next year without much if any opposition, let me give some arguments, drawn mainly from experience of the past, for my assertion.

Nineteen men have been elected to the Presidency before McKinley, only sixteen of whom lived out the first term. Three of these (Polk, Buchanan, Hayes) declined another term; of the other thirteen, twelve were renominated; the thirteenth (Franklin Pierce) got a majority of votes in the Cincinnati convention, and failed only through the working of the two-thirds rule—a rule which cannot be invoked against a Republican candidate. The reason why the incumbent was nearly always put up by his party for reëlection, was not alone nor mainly his power to reward friends and to punish enemies compelling the action of the old Congressional caucus or of the modern convention in his favor, for John Quincy Adams was renominated without lifting a finger in the use or abuse of patronage; Van Buren, in 1844, when out of power, secured more than one-half of the delegates, and Cleveland in 1892, when out of power, was renominated by two-thirds of the delegates and elected. No, the main reason was this, that, by not putting up the last President of its choice for reëlection, a party would admit not only his failure in office, but to a great extent its own error and its own failure.

Passing from the sixteen elected Presidents to the four Vice-Presidents who succeeded to power on the death of their chiefs, I admit that none was renominated; but two of the four, Tyler and Johnson, having left their old friends, put themselves out of the range of possibility. Fillmore and Arthur alone remain to be considered. The former drew on himself by one distinct act, that of signing the Fugitive Slave bill, the hatred of all the Northern Whigs, excepting a few "Silver Grays"; in one word, he was objected to not on personal but on political grounds—not for weakness, or unfitness, or dishonesty, or inefficiency, but simply because the majority of the Whig party disagreed with him on a fundamental question. Mr. McKinley cannot be beaten on any such ground, for the great majority of his party is with him on the only new question that has come to the front during his term. Mr. Arthur, who was on all public measures in full accord with an undivided party, was beaten in convention, but he was beaten by a man who for eight years had been the overshadowing figure in his party. Mr. Blaine had really been the choice of the majority of the delegates in 1876, and it took great skill and much manœuvring to down him in 1880. At present there is no such figure as that of the Man from Maine threatening to thwart Mr. McKinley's ambition. There lives another and better "man from Maine," but he has voluntarily taken himself out of the path of his old successful rival.

Thus I cannot see how McKinley's enemies in the next convention (if there should be any) will find a candidate willing to sacrifice himself by a futile show of opposition. As to the faction fight in Ohio, it will result in the end in nothing more than a struggle between two or three sets of delegates, all of whom alike will claim to be original McKinley men. I have watched political play too long to ascribe any importance to the squabble between Hanna and McKisson. D.

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 14, 1899.

## YOU-ALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 11, a short review of Miss Earle's stories closes with this question, "Are the 'you-all' and 'you-uns' of the South applied to a single person, as we constantly find Miss Earle using them?"

I have not seen Miss Earle's stories, and I do not know what part of the country, or, indeed, of the world, Miss Earle hails from; but I venture to say that, if she makes use of "you-all" as the reviewer says she does, she is not a Southerner by birth.

It may be stated without fear of successful contradiction, that the Southerner never says "you-all" unless he has two or more persons in mind. It is a very common mistake of the Northerner to suppose that he does, and the Northerner is not entirely without grounds for his mistake. The Southerner meets him alone and greets him: "Good morning! How are you all this morning?" The Northerner supposes the Southerner means himself alone, and he smiles; whereas the Southerner means: "How are you and your wife and children—your household?" And in every other case, when the Southerner says "you-all" to a single person, he means to include some other persons or persons associated in his mind with the one he addresses. This is a fact the Northerner never seems to learn, no matter how long he may be with Southerners; and it is so natural to the Southerner that he seems never to suspect that he is misunderstood by the Northerner.

The most curious use of the expression is in its possessive form, "you-all's"; and this I have heard cultured Southerners say. "You-all" is used by the educated as well as by the illiterate; not so "you-uns," if it is used at all at the South. I was bred and born at the South, and have lived most of my life there; yet I cannot recall that I have ever heard "you-uns" used by any one, white or black. I do not, however, say it is not heard back in the "cracker" regions.—Respectfully,

MATTHEW F. STEELE.

ST. PAUL, May 20, 1899.

## THE OLDEST HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the suggestion of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, I repeat to you, as of possible interest to your readers, two or three facts which I was led to mention to him by a recent query in your pages. In his recent presidential address at the opening of the new building of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Mr. Adams suggested that the Society, besides being the oldest such organization in the United States, was perhaps also the oldest in the world. He tells me that his suggestion was based upon the following passage in some remarks made by his predecessor, the late Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, at the Society's centennial celebration in January, 1891:

"Until this Society was organized a hundred years ago to-day, by our eminent and revered founder, Dr. Jeremy Belknap—prompted, as we may not forget, by Mr. John Pintard, of the St. Tammany Society of New York—no historical society existed in America. I am not sure that there was such a society in any part of the world." (Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Second Series, vi., 273.)

The facts which your query brought to remembrance were, that the Royal Academy of Portuguese History was founded in 1720, the Royal Academy of History at Madrid in 1738, the Royal Society of History and Danish Language at Copenhagen in 1744.

Very respectfully yours,

J. F. JAMESON.

PROVIDENCE, May 22, 1899.

# Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish immediately 'Vassar Studies,' by Julia A. Schwartz, A.M. ('96)—impressions of college life; also, 'Miss Cayley's Adventures,' by Grant Allen, 'Nature Studies in Berkshire,' by John Coleman Adams, with illustrations, 'Ornamental Shrubs,' by Lucius D. Davis, and 'Our Insect Friends and Foes,' by Miss Belle S. Cragin.

"The Solitary Summer,' by the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden,' and 'From Comte to Benjamin Kidd: the Appeal to Biology or Evolution for Human Guidance,' are in the press of Macmillan Co.

Harper & Bros. will shortly bring out 'Japan in Transition,' by J. Stafford Ransome, special correspondent in this country of the London *Morning Post*.

Prof. N. P. Gilman, author of 'Profit-Sharing' and 'Socialism and the American Spirit,' is preparing a volume on employers' institutions for the benefit of workingmen, which will be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in the fall, under the title 'A Dividend to Labor.'

Among the Translations and Reprints from the Original Sources of European History published by the University of Pennsylvania and set down for 1899, are 'The Early Germans,' by Arthur C. Howland, Ph.D., and 'Laws of Charles the Great,' edited by Dana Carleton Munro, M.A.

The beginning of wisdom, historically, politically, geographically, and commercially, about the Philippine Islands had been (be-

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fore Dewey's exploit) the work of John Foreman, F.R.G.S. In his own language, it "is not a History, nor a Geography, nor an Account of Travels, in the strict sense of the word; it is a concise review of all that may interest the reader who seeks for a general idea of the condition of affairs in this Colony in the past and in the present." His authority caused his services to be availed of by the American Peace Commission, and he gladly joined in what he took to be "the noble efforts of a free people [*pace* Charles Emory Smith] to raise the weight of monastic oppression from millions of their fellow-creatures." His minutely descriptive and statistical chapters, already bulky, have now been swelled by about one-fourth, taking up the parable at the Tagálog rebellion of 1896-'98, and bringing the narrative of a change of oppressors down to date, with a map of the revolted province of Cavité and another of Dewey's engagement. This second edition bears the imprint of Charles Scribner's Sons. It has a number of excellent photographic and other illustrations, and it is in large measure readable, as relating the author's experiences.

We have already acquainted our readers with the contents of M. Jusserand's 'Shakspere in France under the Ancien Régime,' which now comes to us in a handsome dress in English (London: Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The translation is anonymous, a little stiff, and questionably not extended to the notes when corroborative citations are given—though this will not seem a fault to readers who know French. There is an index and an annotated list of the valuable and curious illustrations, among which none is more interesting than Roubillac's statue of Shakspere, ordered by Garrick, and the second one ever made.

Eight years ago we welcomed the first report of the Free Public Library Commission of Massachusetts, and now its ninth appears, a volume of nearly 500 pages. The Commission can announce a wonderful expansion to 687 secular libraries, possessing more than 6,500,000 books and pamphlets. Less than one-half of one per cent. of the population are denied free-library privileges, but there are travelling libraries even for this minority, with circulatory photographs of the world's great sights for exhibition. The report tells in alphabetic order the history of each library, and oftener than not (we should judge) gives a photographic view of the building; and this series of prints offers an extraordinary interest. For the most part the structures are permanent, carefully and often beautifully designed, but no type is evolved. A town hall or other public building is not seldom arranged to include the library. Of the many libraries which are the fruit of private benevolence, the sentiment for one's birthplace and the desire to commemorate relatives are the dominant motives in the founding. We commend the report to all would-be benefactors of this order in other States—for hints as to building models, for the text of the Massachusetts library laws, for the descriptive letter-press, and for the list of founders whose names here go down to posterity in just honor.

A limited edition has been printed, in this city, of 'General Orders of 1757, issued by the Earl of Loudoun and Phineas Lyman in the Campaign against the French.' The orderly book, here produced faithfully under the supervision of Mr. Worthington C. Ford, was that of General Lyman of Connecticut, now in the possession of William Seward Webb, at whose expense this dainty book has issued. Dr. Webb's interest in it apparently connects itself with an ancestor, Major-Gen. Daniel Webb, who figures in it to some extent. For the rest, we have the customary mirror of camp life and discipline, with glimpses of the hell that war is. Corporal "Henry Dorman" and private "Luelen Rice" were fortunate in being sentenced, September 3, 1757, to suffer death for desertion, in comparison with "Frances [*sic*] Fleming" and four other privates, guilty of the same offence, and John Anderson, guilty of mutiny, who were "to receive 1,000 Lashes Each with a Cat of nine tails." Private John Rider got 500 for sleeping on his post.

A book has just been published on the 'Story of our Flag' in which Mrs. Weaver, the writer, again tells the old story of Washington's visit to Mrs. Ross, a "known expert at needlework," and the consequent evolution of the flag of the United States. Of course witnesses are produced, and they are eminently respectable—Robert Morris and George Ross, an uncle of the sewer. She is, as naturally, young and beautiful, a widow, and lives in a little house. When it came to the number of points on the stars, Washington preferred the number on the stars of his coat-of-arms, and much more is related and published by a patriotic publishing company, for consumption among the patriotic societies of the land. Legend is thus converted into history. On the other hand, Sir George Otto Trevelyan discredits the boast on Washington's part of his pleasure at the whistling of the bullets in his first encounter. "Of course," says the author, "there was nothing of the sort in the dispatch, which, in its business-like simplicity, might have been written by Wellington at six and forty." Unfortunately for this statement, the boast was actually written in a letter to his brother, and this letter, travelling across the ocean, was printed in the English magazines. It is, therefore, an authentic utterance, though never intended to be part of an official dispatch. A rather severe reviewer of Trevelyan's book in *Blackwood's* asserts that Washington used a cipher in writing to his friends because of the insecurity of the post-office. It would be impossible to name or point out a single instance in which he resorted to a cipher, except in some communications to the French allies, a precaution justified by war.

The Renger'sche Buchhandlung in Leipzig has just issued the first part of a 'Bismarck Lexikon,' by A. von Schleiden, in which the utterances of Bismarck on various topics of public interest and his opinions of prominent persons are arranged in alphabetical order. In connection with each subject are given the sources of information, among which his conversations with Lothar Bucher, hitherto unpublished, are of special interest. The 'Lexikon' will be completed in six parts, each averaging about 125 pages and costing two marks (fifty cents).

A modest venture in the way of its literary features, but one deserving of much commendation for its illustrations, is *Dixie*, a new member of the class of magazines which are to be had at ten cents for the single copy. It starts up at the same time with the *Conservative Review*, and is an interesting indication of the intellectual activity of two Southern cities. The portraits of Clinton Peters, most of them works of remarkable fidelity and artistic charm, with the taking sketches of the city of Charleston, make the April number the best that has yet appeared.

The May number of the Berea (Ky.) *Quarterly* is notable for a large number of "Hymns of the Slave and the Freedman," amassed by William E. Barton, D.D., in continuance of a similar collection contributed to the *New England Magazine* for December, 1898; and a third is yet to come. We infer that Dr. Barton may not have met with the pioneer (and still unsurpassed) collection entitled 'Slave Songs of the United States.'

That eminent authority on games, Mr. Stewart Culin, Director of the Museum of Archæology and Palæontology, University of Pennsylvania, addresses himself to Hawaiian Games in the April number of the *American Anthropologist*. Among those still persisting, he says, is cock-fighting, which we have suppressed in our new Spanish territory, and which the sons of the missionaries should be glad to have our assistance in putting down in Hawaii. Discussion of the origin and ethnological relation of the games in general is deferred. Both Asia and the American continent have, of course, contributed largely. Mr. Culin singles out the guessing game of *pu-he-ne-he-ne* for its resemblance to "certain [North American] Indian games in which a stone or other object is hidden in one of four places."

In the *Geographical Journal* for May Col. Sir T. Holdich makes an earnest plea for the more thorough study of geography, demonstrating its practical use from his own experience in determining the boundaries of India. He states his belief that the great part of the political difficulties which have arisen in connection with boundary demarcation, during the past twenty years, "have been due to a want of appreciation of the necessity for a sound geographical basis to the text of treaties and agreements." Dr. Thoroddsen gives a brief survey of the geology and geography of Iceland, together with a description of some of its remarkable physical phenomena, as, for instance, the "petrified" lava fall, consisting of "four curtains hanging one beside the other, 820 feet high, at Selvogur." This is accompanied by some illustrations and an admirable map. Under the title, "The Eastern Gateway of the United States," Prof. A. P. Brigham of Colgate University gives a physiographical description of the Mohawk Valley, together with the principal facts of its commercial development through canal and railways. There is also a note upon the recent Anglo-French agreement, with a useful map, showing approximately the line of delimitation of British and French spheres in Central Africa.

The first number for the year of the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie* contains a detailed review of the progress of geographical research during 1898, accompanied by fourteen useful sketch maps, showing the most important explorations, and a description of some valuable geographical antiquities, globes, and maps, in Zurich and Basle. Of more general interest is M. Loicq de Lobel's lively account of a journey to the Klondike last summer by way of the Chilkoot Pass. He confirms the testimony of other travellers as to the order which prevails on this route through the admirable service of the mounted police. In this region, he says, "there is more security than in

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some districts of Seine-et-Oise." But of Manook, a town of 1,500 inhabitants on the Yukon in Alaska, he makes this surprising statement: "It has a church, a hospital, some stores; but there is neither police nor authorities. The miners govern themselves. A man condemned for murder or theft is put on a raft in the middle of the river, which is equivalent to a sentence of death, for the unfortunate wretch can but perish of hunger or otherwise." It is evident that he found few, if any, of his countrymen in the gold fields, for he exhorts them not to neglect their opportunities, as they did in the Transvaal, to make their fortunes and at the same time to extend the commerce of France. We may add that he says he preferred to land in Montreal "in order to avoid the annoyances of the American custom-house."

Prof. Angioletti, Director of the Observatory at Naples, has recently shown, by minute and careful computations, that the astronomical conditions described by Dante as prevailing at the time of his imaginary journey through the three worlds beyond the grave, correspond perfectly with those which existed on March 25, 1301, and, further, that in no other month than March either of the year 1301 or of the years immediately preceding or following, could these conditions have been fulfilled.

The rapidity with which the comparatively new ideas of university extension and summer sessions in higher institutions of learning are gaining ground, on both sides of the Atlantic, may well engage the thought of the sociologist as well as of the educator. Both these movements are the outgrowth of the modern tendency to lessen the inequalities of social conditions by bringing the advantages of higher education within the reach of the largest possible number. More and more European and American universities are making the midsummer session a regular feature of their annual programmes, extending thereby the use of their plants and costly educational outfits to many whose circumstances debar them from following courses during the established academic year. In Germany, university extension courses—*volkstümliche Hochschulkurse* — are of more recent origin than in England and America, but several have for some years been successfully carried on; and, during the Easter vacation, representatives of all the universities met at Berlin and unanimously recognized the new institution as a *necessity*. Another meeting for the furtherance of the movement will be held at Easter, 1900.

—A correspondent writes:

"The volumes which have thus far been published in the Temple Classics series by J. M. Dent & Co. are so uniformly pleasing and attractive, that it is especially unfortunate that they should offend in any one particular. But the marginalia with which they are provided do seem to furnish this one particular, for on a small 12mo page, where the print is necessarily fine and close, it cannot prove otherwise than tiring for the eye to have constantly before it three or four marginal words in very black type. There are instances where marginalia are doubtless a very definite aid, but surely they are out of place in such a book as 'Henry Esmond.' In a novel where we follow the progress of the hero from early boyhood to his prime, there must be very many pages which record the merest trivialities of daily life, and for which marginalia seem entirely superfluous even when of the best character. How much more so, then, must they prove when they are seldom pat and often very trite—as, for instance, 'The most unkindest cut' when Lady Castlewood sends word to Henry Esmond 'that on this side of the grave she will see him no more'; and again, when his lady reproves him, 'Better dead.'"

—It is stated in *Science* that money has been secured for a second expedition by Mr. J. E. S. Moore to Lake Tanganyika. Some ten years ago a true medusa, similar to some of the marine jelly-fishes, was discovered in the waters of this lake, and naturalists were thus led to believe that it might contain other evidences of a former connection with the ocean. The result of Mr. Moore's first expedition is to show that, in fact, this vast and remote inland sea holds, side by side with an ordinary fresh-water lake fauna, a second fauna of purely marine character. Moreover, the molluscs of this fauna show an extraordinary resemblance to forms occurring in the fossil condition in the inferior oolites of Europe. Twenty-six of the fishes brought home by Mr. Moore were wholly new to science. One is led to believe that an expedition more thoroughly equipped, and provided especially with a steamer (which Mr. Moore had not the chance to obtain), will yield results of proportionally increased importance. In particular, it is expected that light will be thrown on the great geological problems of the history of this lake basin, and of its connection possibly with the Nile or a northward sea, and possibly with an estuarine Congo.

—'Danish Fairy and Folk Tales' (Harpers) is a translation, by J. Christian Bay, of stories from the collections of Svend Grundtvig, Tang-Kristensen, Ingvor Bondeson, Molbech, and others, with here and there, the author says, a personal memory. With but one or two exceptions, this is a thoroughly representative selection from a singularly rich store. It is always one of the most fascinating phases of the comparative study of folk-lore to trace the specific national embodiment of material which fundamentally is common to the Indo-Germanic people. Most of these tales, from the inherent nature of the case, are but old friends with new faces: "Greyfoot," for instance, is the "König Drosselbart" of Grimm; "Brave against his Will" is "Das tapfere Schneiderlein"; "Saucy Jesper" is "Die goldene Gans"; the "Coffee-mill which Grinds Salt" is King Frodi's mill Grotti of the Edda, which, it is interesting to note, also localizes the story in Denmark; and there are many others of more or less striking similarity to the well-known stories of other nations. One and all they have taken on in Denmark, however, their own distinctive shape, that is born of the soil in which they have grown and flourished as they have come down from generation to generation. It would not be possible, it may be, to reconstruct along very close lines actual Danish life at any single period of its history from "this train of Danish kings and queens, wise men and fools, princes and beggars, peasants and burghers, soldiers, fairies, and trolls," as the translator describes his *dramatis personæ* in his preface; but there is here such an undeniable record of the nation's stage of culture as a whole that he who runs may read it. "What the Christmas Star Sees," although a good story well told, does not belong in this collection of folk-tales, where it is a disturbing element. The book makes no scientific pretensions as a contribution to folk-lore, but is intended solely for the rational amusement of children, and at least one copy that we know of has already admirably fulfilled its mission. The translation, be it said, is well done, and the numerous illustrations are spirited.

—A brief sojourn, say in the Cerrillos mining district, may enable but can hardly entitle one to put forth another book on New Mexico—particularly one which claims to be "a true picture of life among the Pueblos." R. B. Townshend's 'Lone Pine' (Putnams) hinges on a "lost silver mine" secreted by the Indians. There are precisely as many lost mines or hidden mines among the Pueblos as diamond diggings in the Oneida Community. After this, it is not surprising to learn from Mr. Townshend that "Cortez slaughtered Montezuma," and that Cabeza de Vaca was "a comrade of Ponce de Leon." The American prospector, "Stephens," is not a bad type; "Backus," the Indian trader, and logical villain, is still truer. The Mexican characters are drawn with creditable tolerance if scant intimacy. It is when he comes to the Indians, upon whom his book is built, that the author becomes hopelessly involved. Not one of his aboriginal types, Navajo or Pueblo, is real; most of them are congenital absurdities, like the cacique anxious to make his "term" popular, and the Pueblo boy and girl who elope. Certain verisimilitudes encourage the belief that Mr. Townshend has read—sometimes wisely and sometimes too well—and that he has also become somewhat acclimated in some part of New Mexico remote from Indians. That he has ever been among the Pueblos is denied by his own pages all unconsciously. That he has ever set eyes on them is made most unlikely by the statement (p. 39) that the women "cut their hair short," because, if it were not trimmed, "the care of it would take too long from household duties." Fray Marcos did not see in 1539, nor has any one since seen, a Pueblo woman with her hair cut. The story, not altogether ill-conceived, and in general run interesting, is told in stark journalese.

—Prof. G. H. Palmer's rendering of the 'Odyssey,' while it cannot be said to rival that of Messrs. Butcher and Lang, secured him a respectful hearing as a translator. In his 'Antigone of Sophocles' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) he has repeated the experiment which he made with his 'Odyssey,' *i. e.*, the employment of iambic rhythm in a "prose" translation. His aim is "to suggest to the ear that we are traversing a region of poetry and not of prose." We confess to a strong prejudice against his "rhythmic chant." In reading this version of the "Antigone" we are reminded more than once of Longinus's objection to an over-rhythmical style—that it does not communicate the feeling of the words, but rather the feeling of the rhythm. The introduction of verse rhythm into prose was a favorite rhetorical device of the later Greek sophists, who chanted rather than spoke their flowery declamations. Their excuse was that in their displays the subject-matter was of the least importance—the form and the setting being nicely calculated to divert the attention of the audience from the inanity of the theme. Prof. Palmer's version is not addressed to scholars, who will remain faithful to Prof. Jebb's simple and accurate translation into plain prose, with no attempt, in Prof. Palmer's phrase, to "thin out Sophocles." The present version, from the un-English order of the words, due in part to the necessities of the iambic rhythm, reminds the reader at every turn that it is a translation. A bet-

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ter effect might have been obtained if, here and there, the long Greek periods had been broken up. For instance, the sentence, "For to my thinking he who ordering a great State catches at plans not through their being best, and then through fear holds his lips locked, appears and ever has appeared most base" (p. 35), has little rhythm to lose, and in its present shape is precisely as it would be construed by a schoolboy into translation English. It is impossible to translate Sophocles. His love of allusion, his psychology, his complexity, when transferred from the subtle medium that he used, inevitably give a bald or stilted effect. Prof. Jebb, in his versions, wisely made no attempt to reproduce the poetic effect of the plays of Sophocles. Let those, therefore, who wish to appreciate the Greek masterpieces realize that, though they may gain some grasp of Plato's philosophy (not of his exquisite prose) in Jowett, or of Homer's imaginative powers (not of his poetry) in Butcher and Lang, for Sophocles and Æschylus, as for Pindar, they must go to the originals. Those, however, who are content with knowing something of the characters of the "Antigone" and of the action and structure of the play, will find in Prof. Palmer a useful and sympathetic interpreter.

—The fourth series of M. Adolphe Brisson's 'Portraits Intimes' (Paris: Armand Colin) offers its readers a glimpse into the private lives of several persons of divers ranks and pursuits obliging enough to grant an interview to the editor of the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*. In the search for "copy," the author's range is wide—from princes of royal blood down to bull-fighters and soothsayers of various kinds—and much is doubtless of merely passing interest; but M. Brisson's information obtained in person from such distinguished contemporaries as Henri Lavedan, Mme. Michelet, Joris-Karl Huysmans, and several *sociétaires*, of both sexes, of the Comédie-Française, will have permanent value for future biographers. The portraiture possesses the further advantage of being presented in light and chatty form, with here and there touches of characterization that show the practised hand of the journalist. For example, at the conclusion of his visit to Huysmans, M. Brisson exclaims: "D'une part, ce qui rappelle les bas-fonds du vice, et tout à côté les envolées de la vie spirituelle. . . . Ce sont bien là, en effet—étroitement unis l'un à l'autre—les deux Huysmans"; and readers of the *Annales* can certainly see the ethical lacuna for themselves. In addition to these sketches of persons, are pictures of German and other travel, and one noteworthy excursion into a well-trodden field of literary research, where an enthusiastic Moliériste glories in finding what he believes to be the veritable human original of 'Tartufe.' Le sieur Charpy de Sainte-Croix, says M. Bonnet, was the celebrated model of seventeenth-century hypocrisy; ingenuously adding, however, that moral proofs alone are forthcoming, but these are sometimes sufficient to clinch a question. M. Brisson cautiously recommends the demonstration of their validity to the exercise of professional critics, and charitably omits reminding M. Charles Bonnet that his great Swiss namesake would probably have called for evidence of another order.

—Mr. Louis Dyer's third and last lecture at the Royal Institution on Machiavelli dealt with that author's idea of Morals. Correspondence with his son Guido and his nephew Vernaccia was cited and contrasted with Machiavelli's letters to Vettori and Guicciardini. In the former there is a somewhat simple-minded conformity to the average workaday morals of the Florentine people of that time; in the latter a somewhat uneasy and rather unconvincing assumption of the rakishness of the grandee. The first was more characteristic, but neither of these moods was in any close relation to the idea of morals implied and expressed in Machiavelli's writings. He was not in his own opinion a person of sufficient consequence to dream of being aggressively vicious. A more constant and energetic interest on his part might perhaps have made his family concerns more complicated and also more successful, but it is probably unfair to hold him responsible for the violent and unsavory careers of his two oldest sons. As he conceived them, Machiavelli's family concerns left him exceptionally untrammelled, and his chief energies were concentrated upon the study of his new Science of State. Such attention as he there gave to morals was closely allied to a medical metaphor of which he is everywhere inordinately fond. He never tires of considering what he calls the corruption of the body politic, conceived of as a disease, to cure which cautery and the knife must be used by the Prince. In Mr. Chauperknowne's skilfully wrought and workmanlike parody on the 'Prince,' entitled "The Boss," we chiefly discover that the Boss in American politics is not the analogue of the Prince, but personifies rather that corrupting disease which the Prince was predestined to cure. The eighteenth chapter of the first book of Machiavelli's Discourses on Livy contains a passage strikingly applicable to the problem of American municipal government. Our author maintained that there was political soundness in Germany, Switzerland, and England; but France, Italy, and Spain, he said, were the "dry rot of the world"—*la corrutela del mondo*. Religion of the right sort for strengthening political power was a cornerstone in Machiavelli's Science of State. For good reasons given, he objected to Savonarola's political behavior, but was nevertheless more influenced by the friar than he knew. His picture of the Duke of Athens shows the Prince as an avenger of the moral law, and implies a vague semi-religious mysticism. Like Dante, Machiavelli and Guicciardini denied that the meek could inherit the earth. Our author's "paganism" has, however, been overstated. We of the Anglo-Saxon brotherhood must heed Machiavelli's express warning that the 'Prince' does not specifically concern us. Our debt to Machiavelli, as the founder and framer of the modern Science of State, can hardly be overestimated, but we must remember, most especially in these millenary years, that King Alfred, the father and founder of the body politic of our Saxon race, lived 500 years before Machiavelli's 'Prince' was written.

## A POPULAR HISTORY OF FRANCE.

*The Story of France:* From the Earliest Times to the Consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte. By Thomas E. Watson. 2 vols. Vol. I. To the End of the Reign of Louis the Fifteenth. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

There is a well-known but instructive story of Oxford and Cambridge combination-rooms which runs as follows: Some years ago, a convinced and voluble Englishman began publicly to prove certain paradoxes in argument with mathematicians and students of physical science. Among his theses were several of the old friends which Mr. Fiske first catalogued in Harvard Library under the head of "Insane Literature," and then under the gentler title of "Eccentric Literature," *e. g.*, perpetual motion, the flatness of the earth, and the possibility of squaring the circle. By dint of plausible and copious words the English apostle of these views succeeded in convincing several large audiences, despite the protest of his scientific opponents. Finally he reached Cambridge, challenged the dons to a contest, and found his antagonist in William Garnett. On previous occasions the champions of correct ideas had neglected to analyze the propositions of the debater with sufficient care. They knew, of course, that his results in each case were wrong, but they could not lay finger on the precise flaw in his reasoning. Garnett proceeded in a different manner. He stipulated that point by point should be discussed and settled in due sequence; the circle-squarer consented, and the argument began. Very soon Garnett disputed an assumption in the catena of syllogisms, and drove the challenger into a corner on it. "Well, after all, that's quite immaterial," said the circle-squarer. "Then you don't mind, I suppose," rejoined Garnett, "if I write on the blackboard opposite the point, 'Given up.'" "Not in the least," said the challenger, and the result was duly registered. At each step Garnett succeeded in confuting the heretic until a long table of entries, "Given up," appeared in full view. After a while Garnett asked the stranger if he didn't feel checkmated. "Oh, no," he said cheerfully, "there is much more to be urged," and he at once resumed the line which he had originally taken. "But," exclaimed Garnett, "you have given that up once," and he eventually downed his man by dint of pointing to the propositions which had been one after another surrendered.

The processes of historical and mathematical demonstration are so different that the illustrious De Morgan has placed them in direct contrast, yet we have been strongly reminded of the above story in reading Mr. Watson's book on France. If, for instance, the author were to engage in public debate with those French scholars who have contributed articles on their national past to the 'Histoire Générale' (*e. g.*, MM. Langlois, Luchaire, Giry, Coville, and Pingaud), we imagine that "Given up" would be written after many of his facts, and therefore that his inferences might suffer. Unfortunately, in history, one cannot, as a rule, prove a fallacy to the public by ocular or other equally cogent test, but professional students can quickly distinguish what is well grounded from what may be termed, in scholastic language, *flatus vocis*. Tried by the standard of solid erudition, Mr. Watson's work is decidedly lacking, and this we shall now try to show by several examples, leaving aside for the moment one or two other important matters which must be noted before we close.

P. 20. Lactantius, "the Christian Cicero," author of the 'Institutiones Divinæ,' and a universally celebrated writer on apologetics, lived in the reigns of Diocletian and Constantine, but that does not prevent Mr. Watson from making him a contemporary of Au-

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gustus. P. 21. Nero is styled "the last of the twelve Roman emperors called 'the Cæsars.'" P. 25. "After a while, some Goth, like Odoacer, will tire of the farce; and he will take the crown off the head of the worthless Roman, and put it on his own." We waive the question which might arise here over the statement concerning Odoacer's origin, to point out the notorious fact that, when Romulus Augustulus abdicated, the imperial crown was sent to Constantinople. Odoacer never assumed it. P. 96. Charles Martel did not turn back the onset of Mohammedanism "for all time," as the careers of John Hunniades and Scanderbeg, the battle of Lepanto, and the sieges of Vienna testify. P. 104, *et seq.* Mr. Watson calls Charlemagne's son and successor "Louis the Handsome," as though the common English term "Pious" were not the equivalent of the French "Débonnaire" and the German "Fromm." P. 110. The statement that Charles the Bald got his kingdom only at the cost of "a million of men butchered in battle," is utterly extravagant. Mr. Watson places a maximum estimate on the losses at Fontenay (p. 109) when he numbers the dead at 100,000, and were there ten Fontenays or their equivalent? P. 110. The Northmen did not "pillage Paris" during the Frankish civil wars prior to 843. P. 118. "The long period of time stretching from the death of Charlemagne to the reign of Louis the Fat is known in history as the 'Dark Ages.'" We imagine that there are few historians who begin the Dark Ages so late as 814. Certainly Maitland, the author of the most celebrated book in English on the Dark Ages, runs back to at least the period of Dagobert. P. 180. Jacques du Molay summoned Clement V. to meet him "before the judgment-bar of God" within forty days, not within a year (Ferretus Vicentinus). P. 199. Referring to the way in which the Salic law affected the claims of Robert of Artois, Philip of Valois, and Edward III., Mr. Watson observes: "If the law applied to the case of Robert of Artois was good, then Isabella's son was rightful heir to his grandfather's throne." On the contrary, Edward III. had no right to the French crown whatever. Louis X., Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair had all left daughters, and, even assuming that females might transmit where they could not succeed, Jane of Navarre's son came before Edward III. P. 204. Mr. Watson assigns the origin of the Flagellants to the period of the Black Death. Here he is not far from a century astray in his computation. P. 234, *et seq.* The account of Joan of Arc contains at least five striking mistakes, of which we may mention two. P. 247. "The man who took her carried her to his master, a noble called the 'Bastard of Vendome.'" Here the Bastard of Wandonne (a very different matter) should be written; and, besides, Joan was not carried to him by her captor. A Picard archer seized the Maid and pulled her from her horse; Wandonne himself secured her. P. 248. Mr. Watson says that John of Luxembourg sold Joan to the English for "two thousand dollars." He received £10,000, a sum which then represented anything but $2,000. P. 318. Mr. Watson thus alludes to the claims of Louis XII. on Milan: "However, Louis thought that he had at least as good a title as that of Ludovico Sforza, who had usurped the duchy after poisoning a nephew who had usurped it previously." Gian Galeazzo Sforza, Ludovico's nephew, was a usurper only in the general sense that every Italian despot ruled unjustly. His father and grandfather had reigned before him. P. 372. Savonarola was not a priest, but a Dominican friar. P. 373. Albert of Brandenburg was Elector of Mainz, not Metz. P. 392. William III. of England was not a grandson of William the Silent, nor, p. 503, was Louis XIII. the "great-great-grandfather" of Louis XVI.

Such errors as these seem to us characteristic and not to be mistaken for slips of the pen. Of the latter, too, we could draw up a fairly long list: *e. g.*, p. 4, Hannibal's passage of the Alps in 278; p. 300, the ascription of independence to Brittany in 1586; p. 325, the location of Leo IX. in the sixteenth century; p. 369, the date of 1438 for Wyclif; p. 373, the arrangement between Albert of Brandenburg and "Pope Julius" to share the proceeds of Tetzel's indulgence; p. 387, the statement that William the Silent gained his title by keeping quiet when Henry III. of France by accident disclosed the plot against the Protestants. Verbal slips count for little unless their number becomes unreasonable, but mistakes of the kind which we first registered prove, in the aggregate, a want of sound historical information.

Now we should not have been at the pains to discover so many shortcomings in point of accurate statement as we have done (for we have by no means exhausted our list in the foregoing recital), were Mr. Watson less cocksure and declamatory in style than he is. What shall be said of the writer who, at this time of day, declares that he stands against the world in maintaining the greatness of Louis XI.? P. 288: "Historians have denied that Louis was a great man. With one accord they decry him as a beast unclean. I judge this monarch by the work he did, and I dare to say that I find him great." Is not Commines a historian? And he credits Louis with having possessed more of good and less of evil than any prince of his age. Martin calls him "ce redoutable génie," and M. Pingaud (in recently recapitulating the opinion which has been held of him at different periods), says that while the moralists have uniformly attacked him, "les politiques, plus indulgents, depuis Commines jusqu'à Duclos, ont dit de Louis sous diverses formes, sans oser ni l'estimer ni le haïr, que c'était vraiment un roi." Mr. Watson has made no discovery and has vindicated no paradox. He simply indulges himself in what to a large majority of modern historians will seem a noisy platitude. Louis XI. was confessedly a cruel and perfidious man, but he did much to unify France. If Mr. Watson were really seeking for novelty, he might defend the morals of this sovereign. Elsewhere there is no chance of working out fresh conclusions.

An author who is by no means sure of his own footing should not be gratuitously anxious to set his predecessors right. We have cited one passage wherein Mr. Watson discovers a mare's nest. Other examples of the same tone towards former historians might be easily brought together. For instance, apropos of the battle of Crecy, p. 202: "Those writers who fight battles in their libraries tell us that Philip should have surrounded Edward and starved him out. They tell us that in two days the English would have been so reduced by famine that they would have sued for peace. The present writer does not know so well about that." We are less concerned with the particular view advocated in each passage of this sort than with the attitude of mind which such a tone implies. It would appear as though Mr. Watson were quite dissatisfied with our present conception of French history, and is bent on dispelling the night of ignorance. One cannot, however, afford to be jaunty unless he is very secure of his own position.

Mr. Watson's obvious aim is the quickening of popular interest in history, and a praiseworthy one it must seem in the eyes of all, but there surely must be more effective as well as more artistic ways of reaching this end than through the use of intense language varied by satire and colloquialisms. Here is a comment on Jean Bart's presentation at court, p. 545: "How my Lord of Frogwallow and the Duke of Battercakes must have winked to the Marquis of Poodle-Doodle as they noted the appalling fact that Jean Bart did not wear the proper thing in laces, nor the latest elegance in wigs, nor the choicest tint in ribbons!" The toilet of Louis XIV. evokes the following observation: "The Duke of Duck-puddle contended eagerly with the Marquis of Bootlick, and the Baron of Bosh for the precious privilege of holding the candle while some other proud scions of the nobility pulled off the imperial breeches." We are far from defending Louis XIV. or "the dignity of history" when we withhold our praise from such history of the hustings. The essence of a narrative which is bent on being "popular" must always be exaggeration. No true friend of historical studies can let pass uncensured such attempts to be graphic at the cost of moderation.

Up to the present point we have been passing rather severe judgment on Mr. Watson's book without describing its scope or outline. It begins at the earliest period and ends with the death of Louis XV. According to the preface, it represents "enormous labor," and among other acknowledged motives it seeks "to illustrate once more the blighting effects of superstition, ignorance, blind obedience, unjust laws, confiscation under the disguise of unequal taxes, and the systematic plunder, year by year, of the weaker classes by the stronger." The Merovingian period illustrates some of these sombre features admirably, and so the progeny of Clovis, plus their wives and families, from 561 forward, get forty-two pages of notice, while the reign of Louis XIII. gets only sixteen—a singular proportion, considering the relative importance of Brunhilda *et al.* on the one hand, and of Richelieu on the other. The survey is almost entirely political, with a few glimpses of social and commercial conditions interspersed here and there. For literature and art Mr. Watson has no space, and of historical geography he thinks so little that, p. 109, he can define Lothar's portion after the Treaty of Verdun as "Italy and the Low Countries."

There is no denying the fact that the history of France abounds with object-lessons of cruelty, wretchedness, and systematic oppression, but these are not the only things which a writer in telling the story of the country should accentuate. Mr. Watson finds his

> "music centred in a doleful song
> Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
> . . . . . .
> Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
> Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil."

But, even under the feudal system and dynastic despotism, the French people had a

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great deal of liveliness and spontaneity. Mr. Watson, by keeping this consideration in the background and harping constantly on the sins, vices, and follies of the ruling classes, makes his work seem (to quote the line omitted above) "like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong." At rare intervals he presents a hero or heroine who is struggling valiantly for righteousness or progress amid baffling obstacles, and of such he does not stint his praise, but the impression which he leaves is one of extreme misery, broken at times by an act of bravery or sacrifice. One would think that, under the conditions which he describes, the French must have come to hate life, yet Renan was probably right when he said:

"La France n'est, par son caractère essentiel, ni poétique ni mystique; l'essence de la poésie et de la mysticité consiste à dépasser le monde; or l'esprit français est de tous le plus parfaitement en harmonie avec les proportions de notre planète; il en a mesuré les dimensions d'un coup d'œil, et ne va pas au delà."

There are few traces of this elastic, mundane spirit in Mr. Watson's "story."

We are prevented by our limits from saying more, although several striking points still remain unnoticed. We shall endeavor, in conclusion, to give a brief account of the chief impressions which we retain after a careful revision of the book before us. Mr. Watson is not an accomplished historian, his lights and shadows are too sharp, his style is too declamatory on the one hand and too "racy" on the other, he is too much bent on emphasizing a single aspect of his vast subject, and he is over-anxious to establish new conclusions. Nevertheless, he has read widely, and infuses a vigorous personality throughout his pages. He is an enthusiastic friend of liberal ideas and humane actions, he has a considerable share of that valuable quality, the historical imagination, and he knows his own mind. Perhaps we should show less antagonism towards some of his palpable mannerisms if we did not feel the presence of personal power behind them. At any rate, we have followed his narrative with greater interest than has been awakened in us by more solid and more sober volumes.

## FIVE BOOKS ON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

*The Perfect Wagnerite.* By Bernard Shaw. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.

*La Musique à Paris.* Par Gustave Robert. Paris: Ch. Delagrave.

*The Orchestra and Orchestral Music.* By W. J. Henderson. Scribners.

*Music and Musicians.* By Albert Lavignac. Henry Holt & Co.

*Voice and Violin.* By T. L. Phipson. London: Chatto & Windus.

A reader unfamiliar with Mr. Shaw's personality and record might suspect here and there that his 'Perfect Wagnerite' is to be taken as a *jeu d'esprit*. But from a man who has been for fifteen years or more a political pamphleteer and active socialist agitator, it is natural enough to expect a book the thesis of which is that Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung," "with all its gods and giants and dwarfs, its water maidens and Valkyries, its wishing-cap, magic ring, enchanted sword, and miraculous treasure, is a drama of to-day, and not of a remote and fabulous antiquity." The Rhine Gold is an allegory, as the author illustrates with reference to the Klondike. Such dwarfs as Alberich, he declares, are common in London. His story is frightfully real, frightfully present, frightfully modern. "You can see the process for yourself in every civilized country to-day, where millions of people toil in want and disease to heap up more wealth for our Alberichs." The dwarf's cave need not be a mine; "it might just as well be a match-factory, with yellow phosphorus, phossy jaw, a large dividend, and plenty of clergymen shareholders." As for the magic helmet, it is a very common article in our streets, where it generally takes the form of a tall hat. "It makes a man invisible as a shareholder, and changes him into various shapes, such as a pious Christian, a subscriber to hospitals, a benefactor of the poor, a model husband and father, a shrewd, practical, independent Englishman, and what not, when he is really a pitiful parasite on the commonwealth," etc.

To those who demur to this theory of the "Ring," Mr. Shaw responds by pointing to the fact that Wagner was a socialist agitator, "a politically dangerous person," as he was officially stigmatized, and that he wrote a number of pamphlets and manifestoes on social evolution, religion, life, art, and the influence of riches. All this is true, and Mr. Shaw might have added that Wagner's own unfortunate tendency to find allegorical or mystical meanings in his plots and characters justified the present attempt. Luckily, Wagner was too great a dramatist to allow much of this sort of thing to creep into his dramatic poems themselves. Mr. Shaw, as he proceeds with the "Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung," finds fewer and fewer props for his fancies, and in the last-named he collapses entirely, though he takes his revenge by declaring that work to be an opera pure and simple, having been begun before Wagner had become an agitator, and ended after he had ceased to be one.

There is much that is ingenious and entertaining in Mr. Shaw's little book, and perhaps it will help his commercial and philistine countrymen to an appreciation of the great Tetralogy if they look at it as a modern allegory. Apart from that, Mr. Shaw illumines some of the dark corners of the plot, and many of his incidental observations are excellent, as, for example, on page 155, where he shows how impersonal were Wagner's attacks on Meyerbeer, and on p. 159, where he estimates Brahms as a man "whose absolute musical endowment was as extraordinary as his thought was commonplace. Wagner had for him the contempt of the original thinker for the man of second-hand ideas." It may be added that Mr. Shaw thinks Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" is an English attempt at a "Ring of the Nibelung."

M. Gustave Robert's 'La Musique à Paris' is a very useful little annual for those who wish to keep informed regarding the musical movement in the French capital, but have no opportunity to read the journals. The volume now before us is the fourth, and it comprises no less than 360 pages, including a good index, a bibliography of new musical books and pamphlets, and complete sets of programmes of the principal societies. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the present volume is the large amount of attention and space given to orchestral conductors. This is due partly to the fact that the conductor has taken the prima donna's place, partly to the large number of visiting musicians. Richard Strauss, Mottl, Weingartner, and Hans Richter in succession gave Parisians a chance to judge their interpretative genius. Without manifesting any chauvinism, our author nevertheless subjects these Germans—or rather Austro-Hungarians—to a thorough scrutiny, and does not hesitate to express his occasional disapproval. He does not indulge in the mere "I like this" and "I don't like that," to which so many critics resort, but gives the reasons for his censure, displaying at the same time a thorough knowledge of the scores under discussion.

While granting supremacy to the other side of the Rhine in this field, M. Robert is convinced that Paris is quite able to hold its own as far as conductors are concerned. Lamoureux, unfortunately, gave up his orchestra, partly, it seems, because of troublesome criticisms, partly because he wanted to devote all his energies to the furtherance of his pet project, the production of Wagner's Tetralogy and "Parsifal" in the Exhibition year. The orchestra, luckily, did not disband, but chose for its leader M. Camille Chevillard, of whom our author has a high opinion. The new conductor has aimed at greater variety in the programmes, and has paid more attention to the new French school and the Russians. As for Colonne, he made it a point to put in each programme specimens of Beethoven, Schumann, and Wagner; nor did he neglect the Russians. M. Robert devotes considerable attention to Rimsky-Korsakoff, analyzing two of his symphonies, "Sadko" and "Antar," in detail, with musical type. It seems that another Russian—the youngest of them, Rachmaninoff—has captured Paris as well as London and New York with his "Prelude" and other works. M. Robert notes, in two places, the surprise expressed in the *Nation* that he does not like Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony," but he confesses that he is still sceptical after hearing it as interpreted by Winodgradsky, Lamoureux, and Richter. For Brahms, he has no sympathy at all: He finds *d'énormes banalités* in his songs, and, as regards his symphonies, he agrees with Weingartner that they "produce the same impression as a man who says the simplest things in the world with an air of great importance"; they are learned but artificial, and do not move our feelings.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, who have for some years made a specialty of musical publications, announced some time ago their plan of issuing a "Music Lover's Library," comprising works by W. J. Henderson on the orchestra, H. E. Krehbiel on the piano, W. F. Apthorp on the opera, H. T. Finck on songs and song-writers, and Arthur Mees on choirs and choral singing. The first of these has appeared, a volume of 238 pages. The author says that all other books on the orchestra which he has seen are for the professional musician, while his is for the amateur. As a matter of fact, there are pages in the book which an amateur will find difficult to comprehend unless he knows at least as much about the subject as Mr. Henderson does. On the whole, however, he has succeeded in his attempt, his clear style being an important factor in his favor. He has studied his Berlioz, Gevaert, and Corder faithfully, and has industriously gathered together many interesting facts not known to ninety-nine per cent. of concert-goers. The last chapters contain a number of dry details, which will hardly interest amateurs. In the opening chapters the

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instruments constituting the orchestra are treated separately. Our author seems to have a special predilection for the viola, concerning which he writes with enthusiasm. He thinks that "it may be fairly said that first-rate writing for the strings, which is the foundation of orchestration, depends largely upon the treatment of the viola part." When he says (71) that Méhul used the viola so much that Gretry exclaimed, "I'd give a guinea to hear a fiddle-string" (not *first* string, as a printer's error makes it), he is evidently quoting from an English writer who forgot to add that it was only in one of his operas, 'Uthal,' that Méhul used the violas so much, excluding the violins entirely.

The French school is duly appreciated from the point of view of orchestration, not only in the case of Berlioz, but of Gounod and of Saint-Saëns, who is pronounced "at once the model and the despair of young composers." Of Brahms we read that "he is one of the moderns who did not master the technic of orchestration. He wrote heavy parts low in the bass in his piano music, and he carried this practice into his orchestration, with the result that his scoring is almost always thick and heavy in the middle voices. Wagner, on the other hand, knew how to write deep and sonorous basses without disturbing the clarity of his work." The author thinks that while Wagner is the great model as regards writing for numerous voices in the strings, etc., he occasionally abused the practice. "In the accompaniment to Brangäne's song of warning in the second act of 'Tristan und Isolde,' he divides the strings into fifteen parts, but I am quite sure that no human ear can hear all of them." This remark shows a queer lack of insight into the very essentials of orchestration. What is aimed at (and secured) in such a case is a general emotional atmosphere. It is no more necessary for a hearer to distinguish all the separate voices than it is for him to know just what colors Turner mixed on his palette to produce the air or sea tints in his pictures.

For the chapter on the "Evolution of the Conductor" Mr. Henderson has culled a number of interesting facts from various sources. We cannot agree with him, however, in the opinion that there is a tendency to exaggerate the conductor's function as interpreter. It cannot be exaggerated, any more than the actor's. Time-beaters have had their day. Nor is it true that the conductor "works entirely on the technics of the performance, and leaves the temperament and enthusiasm of his men to do the rest." No matter how much or how little may have been done at rehearsal, the success of an orchestral concert depends on the conductor's magnetism, or power to sway his players, which varies with his mood. To leave the performance at the mercy of the "temperament and enthusiasm" of the mere mechanics who constitute the bulk of every orchestra, would be to invite sure disaster.

M. Albert Lavignac, whose book on the music dramas of Wagner was reviewed in these columns a few months ago, has again been made accessible to English readers in a translation, by William Marchant, of his 'Music and Musicians.' The title is comprehensive, but so is the book, which aims at being practically a condensed cyclopædia of every branch of music, including even 66 pages on acoustics—the production, transmission, and perception of sound, tonality, acoustic qualities of halls, relations between acoustics and rhythm, etc. Under the head of "The Materials of Sound" he describes the voice and all the orchestral instruments, from the violin to the triangle and castanets. Orchestration is then discussed, and about 200 pages are devoted to harmony, counterpoint, fugue, composition, and improvisation. That this work is correctly done (in spite of a few slips) need not be said, for M. Lavignac is professor of harmony at the Paris Conservatoire and a well-known expert. The last hundred pages of his book discuss the music of ancient nations and the composers to the present day, with very brief biographic sketches of the more important ones. An appendix contains a disquisition, with brief biographies, of the leading American composers, by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel. The value of the book is much increased by 94 illustrations and 510 examples in musical type. For students of music who want to know something about all branches of the art and can afford to buy only one book, this is the thing.

While M. Lavignac's book is thoroughly up to date, the final one on our list would arouse the suspicion of having been brought out forty years ago were it not for the date attached to the title-page and the preface. Dr. Phipson must have been keeping company with Rip Van Winkle, or Brünnhilde, or the Sleeping Beauty. He gravely informs the inhabitants of London, who, in these degenerate Wagnerian days, do not have a chance to hear three of Rossini's, Bellini's, or Donizetti's operas a year, that the best way for young people to acquire a good style is to attend these operas as often as possible. "La Sonnambula," he declares, is "the most beautiful by far of all lyric dramas," which it would be as foolish to eulogize as Shakspere. Its popularity, he says—and here he transgresses the rules of morality—"is greater than that of any other lyric composition," and "the greatest singers never fail to make choice of it when they are anxious to produce an extraordinary sensation." Fortunately, not all of Dr. Phipson's book is as antediluvian and unreliable as these specimens. He writes entertainingly, though naïvely, of a multitude of matters of interest to violin-players particularly, for he is the author of a book on 'Famous Violinists and Fine Violins'; indeed, the present volume contains, chiefly, episodes and reminiscences for which he had not space in that book. Of the jokes interspersed, the best is Rossini's remark to a violinist who persisted in playing F sharp instead of F: "I should prefer to hear the F there, my friend. Your F sharp, it is true, is also very beautiful, and no doubt we can find a place for it elsewhere in the opera."

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*Excavations at Jerusalem, 1894-'97.* By Frederick Jones Bliss, Ph.D. London: The Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

Dr. Bliss's scientific work at Tell el-Hesy, and his admirable publication of the results of that work, under the title, 'A Mound of Many Cities,' rendered it morally certain that he would make the most possible out of the dry and unpromising material at his disposal in excavating for the south wall of the city of Jerusalem. That was practically the work of these three years—to trace the old wall or rather walls of Jerusalem from the Protestant Cemetery, south of the southwestern extremity of the city, around almost to the Haram enclosure at the southeastern corner. It was a laborious and uninteresting task, pursued with scientific conscientiousness. Beyond a wall and its towers, a couple of streets, aqueducts, and sewers, the Pool of Siloam, a church or two, and some rock-cut chambers, it may be said that nothing was found. There was no statuary, practically no inscribed objects, and of pottery and tools very little. It is amazing with what success out of this barren-seeming material Dr. Bliss has contrived to reconstruct the southern walls of the city and to trace their history through many destructions, reconstructions, and changes of position. By careful comparison of historical notices of the walls and their vicissitudes with the remains found *in situ*, he has been able to fix period after period, beginning with the prehistoric Jebusite city and its rock-cut dwellings, and to determine the position of the walls and the limits of the city southward in each of these periods so conclusively that it will probably never be necessary to do the work again. Incidentally, and in a most modest and civil manner, he has upset not a few pet theories. Thus, in regard to the determination of date by masonry, he shows that backsetting, which had been considered an indication of very high antiquity, is actually found in some of the late Turkish work; that while "boss and margin work may have been used in early Jewish times," they were certainly used in "Roman times and afterwards"; that "comb-pick margin with pick-centred dressing was certainly used contemporarily with the boss and margin, and may have been used before," etc. His conclusion is that "dressing is an indication; combined with particulars of setting or joining, its evidence becomes most valuable; but unless backed by some such auxiliary as inscriptions, pottery, or the like, simple masonry is a frail basis on which to found archæological deductions in Jerusalem."

It was probably necessary that this particular work of excavation should be done at some time, and yet whoever reads the book and sees how much money and labor have been spent here for very small returns, while much more important ones might have been obtained elsewhere in the way of inscriptions, pottery remains, and other objects capable of throwing light on the early life and history of Palestine, cannot but feel a sense of disappointment and regret. But Dr. Bliss is not to blame because the Palestine Exploration Fund decided to devote itself to determining the exact boundaries of Jerusalem on the southward at different periods of its history, and he certainly accomplished the work assigned him, both in excavating and in interpreting and publishing his results, in an exemplary manner. It is, nevertheless, a pity that the Fund did not choose a site more interesting and a work of larger scope.

One criticism on Dr. Bliss's excavations has been made, and apparently justly, by Clermont-Ganneau, namely, that he failed to search in the most probable locality for the ancient tombs of the kings. The discovery of those tombs would have been so vastly more important than anything actually accomplished that one cannot but criticise Dr. Bliss for not having devoted more time and effort to the search. What he did in that direction was insignificant, and he did

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not excavate at all at the spot which such an archæologist as Clermont-Ganneau had suggested as the most likely one.

The maps and drawings executed by Mr. Dickie, Dr. Bliss's companion in the excavations, are numerous and illustrate admirably the work done.

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*The Gambling World.* By Rouge et Noir. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898. 8vo, pp. 373.

*The History of Gambling in England.* By John Ashton. London: Duckworth & Co.; Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. 1899. 8vo, pp. 286.

Good for their kind are the several chapters of 'The Gambling World,' and that on the London Stock Exchange may even bring some persons to their senses. But, at the best, books that, without being works of art, have no higher aim than to amuse, almost regardless of the exact truth, are dreary things, especially when they address themselves to a class of readers who are not fond of reading. "Rouge et Noir" may imagine that he aims to instruct; and indeed he declares that gamblers are morally certain to lose in the long run. But when an author stuffs a volume with stories that verge on the incredible, without vouchsafing any authority whatever—not even his own name—the reader is driven to judge of his seriousness by such of his statements as he is himself in a situation to test. Now, exclusive of facts that might be culled from any good encyclopædia and of facts that have been thoroughly ventilated in the newspapers, we have found other assertions here so frequently erroneous as to indicate a very jaunty attitude towards accuracy. The number 1,592,814,947,068,800 is given as "the number of combinations possible by the distribution of fifty-two cards." That it is not the number of arrangements of a full pack any person acquainted with probabilities will instantly see, from the short row of figures and because that number ends with twelve zeros. In order to find out whether it is the true answer to any problem, we have separated it into its factors, and can testify that it is the scrupulously exact number of distributions of a piquet pack among the two hands and the two parts of the *talon;* but it has nothing to do with fifty-two cards.

The innate simplicity of the gamester appears in the statement that Government lotteries and great gambling casinos are honestly conducted. Will any man of sound judgment who knows how affairs connected with Government go on in Spain and Italy, hold their lotteries to be materially more trustworthy than if Croker or Quay or Platt managed them? Or will any expert in legerdemain say that it is impossible by a combination of interests to secure the drawings of predetermined numbers? As for keepers of roulettes, they are not intelligent enough to be honest; for they have themselves risen from the ranks of gamesters, and no gamesters are sound reasoners. A private gentleman who ordered a roulette from a house in New York whose business it is to make such things, found that, without special directions to the contrary, it would be furnished, as a matter of course, with a contrivance for correcting the luck. A man who was, and had for many years been, employed in a well-known gambling-house near Madison Square, confessed that in all his experience he had never known a player to carry away $200 of winnings. The limit which is everywhere put upon the martingale shows the stupidity of the management. A comparatively low limit upon initial bets may be set down to extreme conservative caution, if this seems compatible with the gambler's nature. But a limit upon the continuation of martingales is simply ridiculous, since the bank is perfectly secured against any heavy loss, and the higher the martingale is pressed the greater the proportionate winning of the bank. At an ordinary roulette-table with a double zero, against a player whose fortune is 1,023 times his initial bet, and who doubles his bet whenever he loses, the bank wins 411 francs for every 613 francs risked: while if the player's fortune is 1,048,575 times his initial bet, the bank will in the long run make a profit of 672,676 francs on every 375,900 francs risked. The banker ought, therefore, to encourage martingales as much as possible; for at ordinary betting the bank's profits amount only to one franc on every eighteen risked. Yet even if the player bets the same amount every time on a simple chance, which is his most advantageous course if he will play, it is unlikely that he will ever be able to net a gain of seven times that amount, though he have the fortune of Rothschild at his back. Even if there is but a single zero, he is not likely ever to net a gain of thirteen times his bet; so that should he lose thirteen times his bet, he had better give up all hope of regaining it.

The most advantageous course of all is not to play at all, and the next to that is to make but a single bet. Thus, for every hundred players who should each make a single bet of 100 francs on a color at single zero roulette, 48.65 would gain 4,865 francs in all, while 51.35 would lose 5,135 francs. If, however, each player were to make one-franc bets until he had either won 12 francs or lost 100 francs, 52.15 players would win their 12 francs, making 626 francs, while 47.85 would lose their hundred francs, putting 4,785 francs to the other side of the account. We need hardly say that "Rouge et Noir" falls into most of the usual pitfalls which the doctrine of chances has prepared for those who have but a slight acquaintance with it.

The book is very prettily got up, and does not weigh a kilo, which ought to be the limit for a book to be read continuously.

Mr. Ashton's 'History of Gambling in England' is a beautifully printed volume and a work of sufficient research. Of its host of anecdotes, almost all are supported by contemporary testimony and the majority by good testimony. This is the only branch of history that is in an entirely satisfactory condition or about which we know all that a reasonable curiosity could, for the present, desire to know. But there is no other so blank for those who seek in history some consolatory or elevating aspects of human nature. Of the two classes that walk its stage, the sharpers are engaged in a business a good deal like other sorts of business in which great fortunes are amassed, and some readers may accord them some measure of esteem for not founding hospitals and universities or otherwise advertising their compassionate hearts. But there can be no doubt they would do so if it could in any way further their interests. They are really as unestimable and uninteresting a class of bankers as can be found. On the other hand, the pigeon is a simpleton so intent upon gaining some inequitable advantage that his small stock of good sense completely deserts him—a creature who seems put into the world by a beneficent Providence in order to serve as prey for business men, without offering any handle for benevolent regard.

The book will divert us all with its pictures of the manners and morals of worlds not too remote from our own, and by contrast brings into view the greater self-control to which modern conditions of middle-class life are training men. One regrets that the history should break off at the year 1845; but Mr. Ashton has rightly judged that it would be "inexpedient to give any modern instances." It would, indeed, be exceedingly inconvenient to publish an unvarnished picture of life in a high gambling circle.

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*The Dawn of Reason*, or Mental Traits in the Lower Animals. By James Weir, jr., M.D. Macmillan. 1899. 12mo, pp. xiv, 234.

This is a modest little book which will interest many persons besides professional naturalists, and may instruct some of the latter. The title raised in our mind some vague fears that we might find physiology and psychology mixed up inexpertly with metaphysics; but we see in the writer a close observer, who takes his stand on firm ground, and goes into the objective world of animals for his facts. The "lower animals" are all animals except man; but how "low" some of them are in the scale of organization is fully appreciated by few persons. Insects and worms are lowly creatures in comparison with man, but vastly complex organisms in view of such animated simplicities as infusorians or protozoans. Mind is regarded by Dr. Weir as a resultant of nerve action, or neuroplasmic action, "through which and by which animal life in all its phases is consciously and unconsciously, directly and indirectly, maintained, sustained, governed, and directed" (p. 1). No one denies an amœba the sense of touch at least, and it would be rash to deny this animalcule a kind of conscious volition, as in the choice of food. If we accept Dr. Coues's definition of nerve in the widest sense as "a line of least resistance to molecular motion in any organism," an amœba has some sort of a nervous system, apparently what Dr. Weir calls neuroplasmic, and thus a mind. True nerve tissue is demonstrable in all metazoa, from cœlenterates upward, and the author is inclined to believe that it is present in some animals below the hydrozoans, having verified H. James Clark's observations ('Mind in Nature,' p. 64) regarding the protozoan *Stentor polyphemus*, and seen "unquestionable acts of conscious determination" on the part of this little creature (p. 41). However the case may be in the border land of nascent nerve, no doubt of mind enters the regions, however lowly, where a nervous system, however simple, is an accomplished fact; and Dr. Weir's book proceeds to explore this whole region to discover, if possible, what sort of minds are possessed and utilized by animals lower than man.

This distinctly raises the question of instinct versus reason, and Dr. Weir's strongly supported contention is, that the two faculties differ only in degree, not in kind. We say strongly supported, for the author adduces an array of facts, derived from actual observation, which are alike indisputable and astonishing. Just possibly, here and there, he reads into the actions of some insect or other humble fellow-creature something that such an animal never thought of and could not understand; but the evidences

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of dawning reason are clearly, concisely, and forcibly presented, so that the reader may evaluate them for himself. The chapter on the senses in jellyfishes, mollusks, insects, etc., gives some curious facts not generally known. "Conscious determination" is defined, its evolution from sensory impressions illustrated, and it is attributed even to protozoans. Memory is discussed under four heads of recollection of locality, of friends, of strangers or enemies, and of events; it is attributed to almost all animals. The emotions are as recognizable and identifiable in insects as in monkeys or men. A chapter on æstheticism shows us spiders susceptible to music; and many another curious case of like significance. Reason itself is discussed in connection with insects. Once more, our lowly fellow-beings have some faculties we have lost, such as one which Dr. Weir rather queerly calls "tinctumutation," or the faculty of adapting one's coloration to surroundings, like the chameleon; and another term he seems to have coined is "letisimulation," or the feigning of death, which he finds not confined to well-known cases, but extending even to rhizopods. The homing sense is another faculty but feebly retained by man, few individuals being able to orient themselves satisfactorily.

The author's main conclusion may be stated in his own words (p. 215):

"Judging wholly from the evidence, I think that it can be safely asserted and successfully maintained that mind in the lower animals is the same in kind as in man; that, though instinct undoubtedly controls and directs many of the psychical and physical manifestations which are to be observed in the lower animals, intelligent ratiocination also performs an important rôle in the drama of their lives."

We advise those who may differ with Dr. Weir in this conclusion to read his book carefully; and we are sure that any one who cares to recognize our "poor relations" will be interested in the stories Dr. Weir tells in support of his views, whether they agree with him or not. He writes in admirable temper, and his writing is extremely suggestive.

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*A Short History of the Saracens.* By Ameer Ali. Macmillan. 1899. Pp. xix, 627.

Nowadays we hear much of the other sides of things, and many very queer other sides are asserting themselves. The patient East is shaking off its lethargy and deep disdain, and the supposedly self-righteous West is becoming introspective and developing a conscience. The Oriental Congresses have brought to us apologies written by reverend Muslim Shaykhs—some of them amusing enough—for Islam and its institutions. Mr. Kipling's "demnition products" of the educational system of the English government in India are learning that there are people in the West eager to hear any new thing and ready to pay for it. Not long ago we were told by Prof. Arnold in several hundred pages that Islam was a religion relying on peaceful missionaries, and that it had spread by their efforts only. Now "Syed" Ameer Ali, M.A., C.I.E., Judge of her Majesty's High Court of Judicature at Fort William in Bengal, has written 'A Short History of the Saracens' to eulogize the conquests, civilization, and science of the Arabs. His book is most curious and interesting; but as a scientific contribution to history it is worthless. Regarded even as a popular compilation, it is misleading to a dangerous degree. The "Syed" holds a brief for the Arabs, and he easily outdoes in partisanship the early European books on Muslim history—which is saying a good deal. He has read Dozy, Von Kremer, and others of the modern school who strive after facts and objectivity, but they have had slight influence on his methods. Indeed, his naïve onesidedness affords a curious commentary on the success of European education as applied to the Oriental mind.

A very few examples will suffice: 'Alī did his best to protect 'Uthmān against his assassins; the constitution of 'Umar was based on solicitude for agriculture; the Mu'tazilite Test Act of al-Ma'mūn and its consequences for Ahmad ibn Hanbal are passed over; the Fātimids were certainly descended from 'Alī; it was only the Tartar invasion which prevented the ultimate success of Rationalism in Islam; all the science and civilization of Islam is Arabian (yet the great majority of its scientific men were not of Arab blood); if the Saracen conquest had included Europe, civilization would have appeared there eight centuries earlier than it did. These are somewhat dubious propositions to set before the English-reading population of India, for which the book is principally intended. European readers will take them at more nearly their true value. Nevertheless, to the student of the East, the book is exceedingly interesting. It is not only an apology for Islam; it is an apology also for the House of Muhammad. The author is a "Syed," a descendant of Muhammad, and thus a Shī'ite; and that dictates his attitude throughout. The twelve "Apostolical Imams" were saints and philosophers and the true lights of their times. This is all in most curious contrast with the views reached by modern European historians. To them the greatest influence for evil in Muslim history lay in the unending endless revolts got up by the 'Alids or by others in their name.

This spirit, then, is the real kernel of the book, and the only thing that gives it a claim to any notice. But if we are to have a defence of the House of Muhammad, under the guise of a history of Islam, why should the thing not go further? Will not some educated descendant of the old Khārijites in the Mzab or in Omān hurl back the aspersions of the "Syed," and write for us a history from the point of view of the Puritans and Republicans of the Muslim world? We would listen to such a one gladly. Then we might also hear from some member of the community descended from the Assassins, which still survives in India. A history written from *their* point of view could not fail to be interesting; the history of the Assassins generally is still very imperfectly known, and perhaps they could be whitewashed. All this would afford, at the least, lively reading. But it may be that after all the European historians are on a better path.

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*The Redemption of Africa:* A Story of Civilization. With maps, statistical tables, and select bibliography of the literature of African missions. By Frederic Perry Noble. In two volumes. Fleming H. Revell Co. 1899. Portraits. Pp. xxv, 856, 8vo.

The debt which the Christian world owes to Africa is incalculable by any human methods of computation. It is a debt incurred by centuries of the slave-trade and the liquor traffic, and is still added to daily by the greed of the European nations and of multitudes of traders for territory and for gold. Is the Christian world which owes so much also of its material wealth and well-being to the negro doing anything to pay off its indebtedness? An answer can be found in this volume with its hopeful title. Mr. Noble has here brought together, in a compact form, the material facts in regard to modern missions in that continent, so that his work is at once a chronological history and an encyclopædia. In introducing his main theme, he describes the influence of Africa on the ancient world, and gives a brief sketch of the early and mediæval Christian history of North Africa, and of the advent and progress of Mohammedanism. Then follows a condensed account, bristling with statistics, dates, names, and incidents, of modern missions, grouped, not according to nationality, "but by kinship in creed or polity." Separate chapters are devoted to the missions of Anglicans, Baptists, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Moravians, and undenominational societies. Our author sums up the entire work in the following statement:

"Over two hundred agencies are carrying on African missions; neither China nor India, though each have a vaster population, receiving more attention. Some of these organizations work only in one quarter of Africa, but most of them in two and a few in all. Their forces consist of twenty-five hundred Protestant missionaries, including ordained ministers, laymen, wives, and other women, with ten thousand native helpers; and of seven hundred and fifty Romish priests, with a number of other papal missioners whose statistics are not given."

In addition to these particulars we are told briefly of the work among negroes in the United States, and have enumerated the principal obstacles (especially from climate and disease) with which the missionary must contend. The founding of a station is illustrated by Mackay's experience in Uganda, and there are graphic pen portraits of representative men, such as Robert Moffat and Cardinal Lavigerie, and devoted women like Mary Livingstone.

Not the least valuable part of Mr. Noble's work—evidently a true labor of love—is the appendixes, containing educational, literary, medical, philanthropic, and cultural statistics. Among the most cheering of these are the lists of versions of the Scriptures in more than a hundred African languages and dialects, and of the one hundred and thirteen industrial schools in all parts of the continent, in addition to the still more numerous colleges and training-schools. There can be no question of the author's painstaking and untiring efforts to obtain accurate information, and, so far as it has been possible to verify his statements, we have done so without finding him in error. We do not always agree with his conclusions, as, for instance, in the encouragement which he derives from Abyssinian Christianity. He takes, in our opinion, a too roseate view of the condition of the Uganda church, and is too confident of the speedy downfall of Mohammedanism, as indeed in regard to the civilization of all Africa. We fear that evil days are yet in store for the black continent at the hands of Christian peoples. With Mr. Noble's criticisms of Roman Catholic methods, especially as illustrated by the mission to Uganda, we heartily agree.

The spelling of African proper names in this book—the scientific accuracy of which

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we do not question—is simply irritating and confusing to one accustomed to the popular spelling. Who would recognize, for instance, Bechuana under Chwana, especially without any cross-reference in the index, or Hottentot under Khoi-Khoin? It is unwise also to use the coined word Ibea to designate British East Africa, as the chartered company from which the word is derived ceased to exist several years ago. There are some useful indexes; maps showing political, religious, and linguistic divisions, the mission stations, and the distribution of disease; portraits of noted workers, and a few illustrations of native life and of the industrial school at Lovedale.

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*Outlines of Industrial Chemistry.* By Frank Hall Thorp. Macmillan Co. 1898. 8vo, pp. 541.

Dr. Thorp is instructor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—a fact which we mention to avoid confusion with other Thorps and Thorpes in the chemical world. A treatise on industrial chemistry in a single volume, and that by no means a huge one, for it would contain only about 250,000 words if its pages were filled with solid text, is clearly not a book for general readers, and yet cannot contain as much as every chemist, whatever his specialty, ought to know about this branch of the science. It may, however, be as much as it is judicious to require as a condition of graduation. It is not a handbook, but a text-book, of a subject the whole soul of which resides in its details. Evidently, great judgment is needed to draw up such a survey usefully.

The volume is equally divided between inorganic and organic industries, with about two dozen chapters under each head. What shall we demand in such a volume? That serious flaws could not be picked would be too much to expect. It is rare to find a manual of a single industry of which that can be said. That it should explain the general principles upon which the economy of each industry depends, if not showing where the shoe most pinches, would be highly desirable. But these general principles are often the last thing that long experience in a particular branch discloses. If we will content ourselves with a general picture of the present state of the externals of industrial chemistry—with what is done, not with why it is done—especially in this country, so much Mr. Thorp has undoubtedly been very successful in presenting, though we will not say that he is not a year or two behind the times here and there. If such a vast subject as that of pigments has to be compressed into 25 pages, fermentation into 33, bleaching into 11, artificial dyestuffs (the mere list of which would fill the volume) into 9, the chlorine industry into 18, soda into 24, sulphuric acid into 14, we must not expect much more.

Let us look out in the index some subject that is neither large nor very small, say *charcoal*. We find two lines about its use as a pigment on p. 214, and the only other reference is to p. 26, where less than a page is given to the subject. There is nothing about the use of different kinds of wood, nothing about the economical effects of carrying the process further or not so far, and the space is mostly devoted to the barbarous charcoal pits, which certainly no intelligent chemist would employ. There is a reference to p. 257, where we find about seven pages devoted to the destructive distillation of wood. But this and charcoal-burning are, or ought to be, all one industry. At the end we find references to half-a-dozen manuals (which are not bad, if the student does not content himself with what they contain) and to a few memoirs, not the leading or classical ones. Industries which are more scientifically carried on in this country are certainly better treated. The book will answer its purpose very well.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Appleton, Amelia. That Other Woman. F. T. Neely.
Arnold, Matthew. Sohrab and Rustum, and Other Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15c.
Azurara, Gomes Eannes de. The Chronicle of the Discovery and Conquest of Guinea. Vol. II. London: Hakluyt Society.
Banks, Rev. L. A. My Young Man. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75c.
Beerbohm, Max. More. John Lane. $1.25.
Beresford, Lord Charles. The Break-Up of China. Harpers. $3.
British Anthologies. The Shakspere Anthology. The Milton Anthology. The Jonson Anthology. 3 vols. Oxford: University Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Burt, Mary E., and Cable, Lucy L. The Cable Story Book. Scribners. 60c.
Campbell-Praed, Mrs. Madame Izàn. A Tourist Story. Appletons. $1.
Charles, J. F. The Duke of Linden. A Romance. John Lane. $1.50.
Chopin, Kate. The Awakening. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Devoore, Ann. Oliver Iverson. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Ellis, J. B. Shem. A Story of the Captivity. F. T. Neely.
Fairbairn, Dr. H. A. The College Warden. Whittaker. $1.
Ferguson, W. S. The Athenian Archons of the Third and Second Centuries B. C. [Cornell Studies in Classical Philology.] Macmillan. 75c.
Headlam, Cecil. The Story of Nuremberg. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Higginson, T. W. Old Cambridge. Macmillan. $1.25.
Hirsch, S. R. The Nineteen Letters of Ben Uriel. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.
Holmes, Edmond. The Silence of Love. John Lane. $1.25.
James, Henry. The Awkward Age. Harpers. $1.50.
Jenkins, H. M. The Family of William Penn. Philadelphia: The Author.
Jones, Augustine. The Life and Work of Thomas Dudley, Second Governor of Massachusetts. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5.
Kent, Prof. C. F. A History of the Jewish People. Scribners. $1.25.
Lawrence, F. W. Local Variations in Wages. Longmans, Green & Co.
Lee, J. W. The Making of a Man. New ed. F. H. Revell Co. $1.25.
Locke, W. J. Idols. John Lane. $1.50.
Mallock, W. H. Tristram Lacy; or, The Individualist. Macmillan. $1.50.
Maupassant, Guy de. Pierre and Jean. Translated by Hugh Craig. Brentanos. $1.25.
McLaughlin, Prof. A. C. A History of the American Nation. Appletons.
Merriman, H. S. Dross. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Moses, Prof. A. J. The Characters of Crystals. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.
Myers, Rev. Cortland. Why Men do not Go to Church. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 60c.
Nirdlinger, C. F. Masques and Mummers. Essays on the Theatre. New York: De Witt Publishing House.
Peters, Rev. M. C. Justice to the Jew. F. T. Neely.
Rostand, Edmond. Cyrano de Bergerac. Translated from the French. F. A. Stokes Co.
Sanders, Prof. F. K., and Kent, Prof. C. F. The Messages of the Earlier Prophets. 2d ed. Scribners. $1.25.
Shakspere, W. Julius Cæsar. Cassell & Co.
Shipman, Louis E. D'Arcy of the Guards. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
The Annual Cyclopædia. 1898. Appletons.
The Solitary Summer. Macmillan. $1.50.
Thompson, Helen S. Windy Creek. Scribners. $1.25.
Trumbull, H. C. Border Lines in the Field of Doubtful Practices. F. H. Revell Co. $1.
Viallate, Achille. J. Chamberlain. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Vivian, T. J., and Smith, R. P. Everything about Our New Possessions. R. F. Fenno & Co. 60c.
Waterloo, Stanley. The Launching of a Man. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.25.


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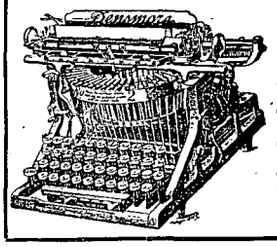

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